





HOWTOBEGOOD STORIES



“‘TAKE HIM HOME ON YOUR HORSE, AND GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.’”

HOW TO BE GOOD STORIES

BY
EDITH CUSHING DERBYSHIRE

*WITH A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR AND
ELEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN
BLACK-AND-WHITE
BY NOBLE IVES*



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TO
EDITH AND ANNE AND BOBBY

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HOW TO BE GOOD STORIES

SABINA'S STUMBLING-STONE

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Sabina, who never would come when she was called. No matter who called, or how important it might be that Sabina should hurry, she would always call back, "Wait a minute!" and then the worst of it was, it would often be five or ten minutes instead of just one.

She was not really such a very horrid little girl, except for this one thing, but it seemed as if she could not do what she was told. Of course, waiting did not do a bit of good, because she had to go in the end, anyway; and when you are told to do something you don't want to do, it is really much easier to do it right away, and have it over, instead of putting it off—don't you think so? The strange thing was, though, that Sabina always said, "Wait a minute," even though it was something she liked doing.

One day Sabina's mother spoke to her about this; and Sabina said, "Well, Mother, you often say, 'Wait a minute' or, 'I can't come just now; you'll have to wait till I finish this,' when I ask you to do something or go somewhere."

Mother smiled (Sabina liked to see her smile: she had such a very smiling face) and answered:

"I know, darling, but that is different. Grown-up people

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can't always stop what they are doing, when little girls call; but with little people it is different. When we are little we have to learn to mind, so that when we are grown up we shall know how. Why, even Mother has to know how."

But what her mother said did not seem to do any good. Sabina remembered perhaps for one day, and came quickly when she was called, but the next day she forgot again, or wouldn't remember.

It was not only with her mother and father and nurse either; even with the girls and boys who came to play with her, she was always saying, "Wait a minute." She never would do what they asked, or play what they wanted to play, without keeping them waiting; and if some one said, "Come on, Sabina, let's play 'Puss-in-the-Corner,'" Sabina would answer, "Well, wait a minute, I want to make a sand pie first." Or if some one said, "Let's make sand pies," Sabina found some other excuse for "waiting a minute."

When the snow all melted, and the days grew warm, and the little buds that had been sleeping all winter under the snow began to wake up and open into flowers, and the trees grew green, and all the world was fresh and smiling, the children used to go into the woods and pick the precious little violets. Sabina loved the violets and Mother was so happy when she brought them to her. Often Mother went out too, and Sabina liked that better than going with any one else.

"When we are in the woods, Mother," Sabina said one day, "you never seem grown up at all, and the shine in your eyes is so pretty."

"Oh, Sabina darling, I'm so happy to be with you in the

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woods, I don't feel grown up. Come let's see if there are any more violets here."

One day when all the fields and woods were green Mother said they should have a picnic. They were to go out and gather flowers—Mother, Sabina, and Betty and Bobby, two friends of Sabina's—and then have lunch in the woods—a "truly" picnic. Mother prepared a basket full of good things: sandwiches spread with butter and marmalade, cookies and ginger-bread, and as a great treat some grape juice to drink.

The night before Mother had said: "Now, Sabina, we're going to start at eleven o'clock. Everything will be ready, and Betty and Bobby will be here. Be sure you are ready too and don't keep us waiting."

A little before eleven, Sabina went out into the garden. There was nothing she had to do; she was all dressed, and everything was ready; she was just sitting there until it was time to go.

Betty and Bobby arrived, and they all called:

"Come on, Sabina; we're going to start."

"Wait a minute!" Sabina called back.

"Hurry up!" called Bobby again. "What are you doing? Aren't you ready?"

And Mother called too: "Come, Sabina, come; we're going."

"Yes, I'll come," said Sabina, "but just wait a minute."

She really did get up, and started to run, but when she tried to lift her right foot, she could not move.

"Oh, wait a minute, wait!" Sabina called out.

But Betty and Bobby were already running on ahead, and

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Mother was following, and though it gave her a pain in her heart to go without Sabina, she had to call back:

"No, Sabina, we can't wait any longer; you'll have to stay at home."

"O Mother, wait, wait—I *can't* come!" Sabina cried, trying to lift her foot again, and finding that she could not move.

But Mother was gone. And there sat Sabina in the garden, all alone, and not able to get up.

"Oh! oh!" she sobbed. "Why can't I lift my foot? O dear me! O dear me! And they will have such a beautiful time, getting violets, and eating sandwiches, cookies, and ginger-bread. And Mother will play games with them afterward, and I can't even get into the house to ask for a piece of bread and butter!"

She put her head down in her lap, and cried and cried.

No one heard her or came to her; and after a while she was so tired from crying, she lay down on the grass and put her head on the mound of a flower-bed. Everything was very quiet, and her eyes burned so from the tears, she shut them for a moment. It seemed to her she must always lie there; no one would hear her if she called, and she didn't believe any one would ever come to look for her, and she was sure she would never be able to walk again. She could hear the birds singing; they didn't need any feet, they had wings and could fly.

"Well, they could not fly if they were lazy," Sabina thought she heard a voice say. "If they did not use their wings they would forget how to fly."

It was a sharp, quick voice that made Sabina sit up and look around.

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"What did you say? Who's talking to me?" asked Sabina, very much surprised.

"I said, if they did not use their wings, they would forget how to fly; and I'm talking to you. If you are not too lazy to look around you'll see me, but you'll have to look now, not, 'Wait a minute.'"

"Well, I will look now, but you needn't be so disagreeable about it, Cross-Patch, whoever you are," answered Sabina, getting quite angry.

"Yes, I do need to be cross, Lazy-Bones," the same quick little voice answered.

"I'm not Lazy-Bones!" said Sabina, starting to get up; but she gave a little cry, and sat down again.

Her foot hurt so terribly, she could not stand. In getting up though she turned her head, and there stood a fairy in one of the pink tulips! She was standing still for a moment but she seemed just ready to fly, or to dance away.

"Oh, there you are!" said Sabina, and though she did feel very cross with the fairy for calling her "Lazy-Bones," she could not help looking at her, she was so pretty in her dress of thistle-down.

"Yes," said the fairy, "here I am! It took you long enough to find me."

"It's all very well for you to talk about hurrying, when you have feet, and wings too if your feet won't work, but I think it is very horrid to scold a little girl who can't lift up her foot, and is all alone, and may not be able to get up again," sobbed Sabina. "If one of your feet, or wings, hurt the way my right foot does, and your eyes burned, and you wanted

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your mother, you wouldn't be dancing inside that tulip and scolding. I can't help it that my foot won't work."

"Oh, but you can help it; that's why I'm so cross with you," answered the fairy. "If you were lame I should be sorry for you, and fly to you with stories of Fairyland, and take you there too, sometimes; but I can't be sorry for a Stay-Behind Lazy-Bones."

"Stay-Behind Lazy-Bones?" said Sabina. "I didn't stay behind on purpose. I wanted to go, but they wouldn't wait. What do you know about it, anyway? Who are you?"

"I'm Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp," answered the fairy, flying on to another tulip nearer Sabina, "and I know all about it. I have been watching you a long time, and I've seen that rock growing."

"Seen that rock growing?" asked Sabina, so surprised she forgot to feel cross for a minute. "What rock? I don't see any rocks in the garden."

"Take off your shoe and stocking and you'll see where it's growing," said Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"How silly!" said Sabina, getting cross again. "I never knew fairies were so silly. How can taking off my shoe and stocking make me see a rock?"

"Very well," answered Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp; "do as you like! Your mother has tried to help you, and you wouldn't be helped; and now that I've come, you won't let me help you either; so you can just keep on doing what you like without thinking of any one else, and let the rocks grow."

And Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp opened her wings to fly away.

"Oh, please, please!" Sabina called out. "I will do what



"I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU A LONG TIME, AND I'VE
SEEN THAT ROCK GROWING"

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you say! Only it did seem queer that I should have to take off my shoe and stocking to be able to see a rock."

"Yes, that's the trouble with you," answered Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp. "You think anything you don't want to do is silly. You acted the same way with your mother. . . . Well, hurry up; I can't stay here much longer."

"Which shoe shall I take off? Not the one on the foot that hurts?"

"Yes, that's the one you must take off."

Sabina began to feel that she must mind this little fairy, no matter how it hurt, so she tried to lift her foot.

"Ow-ow!" cried Sabina. "I can't!"

"Go on, go on!" said Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp, in the same quick tone. "Pull hard and try to be brave."

Sabina gave one big pull and the shoe and stocking came off. As they came she understood what Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp meant; for growing on to her big toe was a rock! Sabina was so surprised she couldn't do anything at first but look at it. At last she said:

"I've had little stones get into my shoe, but how could a rock get in my toe?" and she began to pull it.

"No, no," called the fairy; "don't try to do that. You can't pull it off; it's growing into your toe, and no pulling will get it off."

"What do you mean?" asked Sabina, getting frightened. "Will that rock always be there and shall I never be able to walk again? Can't you wave your wand and make it come off?"

"No; but listen," said Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp, "and stop

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crying. You know the fairies can only help. Your mother and father help you all they can; and we fairies love all the children, of course, but you can't just sit down when you want something and think we are going to wave our wands and make everything come to you. That rock has been growing a long time, though you have not seen it, and it can't go away all in a minute; but if you listen to me, I'll tell you how you can get rid of it. Wipe your eyes, and stop crying and listen."

"Yes," said Sabina, very meek now. "But what has made it grow?"

"You have," answered the fairy.

"I have? How could I when I didn't even see it?"

"Why, don't you know how when any one calls you, instead of going at once you always say, 'Wait a minute.' Don't you remember how often your mother has told you that you must come when you are called? She has been very patient with you, but no one can keep on forever 'waiting a minute.' You see every time you have been lazy and waited a minute the rock has grown bigger, until now it's so big you can't lift your foot."

"Oh, Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp, I understand now. Mother has told me again and again I must learn to mind, but I wouldn't—and now it's too late!" And very sorry tears came into her eyes.

"No," answered Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp, in a gentler voice; "it's never too late. Just do as I tell you; it will be hard, and hurt, but it's the only way to melt the rock. You'll have to hop on one foot for a while, but always go when you are called, and after a time the rock will disappear and you'll have both

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feet to walk on again. Now, I must go. I have to make a call on the robin who is sitting on her nest in the old tree down in the field. Good-by."

"Oh, don't leave me yet. Stay and help me up, won't you?" called Sabina.

But Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp had flown away.

Sabina closed her eyes for a minute to think it all over; and then she heard Mother's voice calling: "Sabina!"

"Wait—oh, no, I mustn't say that." She remembered just in time and called back: "Yes, Mother, I'm coming."

It hurt dreadfully to get up on one foot, but Sabina was brave, and hopped into the house as fast as she could.

"Why, Sabina darling, what is the matter?" asked Mother. "I hated to leave you, my precious, but we can't always 'wait a minute' you know, and we had to go."

"I've got a rock on my toe, Mother, but Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp said it would melt away after a while if I always tried to come when I was called. I'll tell you all about it if you'll take me on your lap."

It was as Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp had said: it took some time for the rock to melt, it had been such a long time growing. And it was very hard for Sabina to hop on one foot; but she kept on trying, and one beautiful morning she found the rock had all melted, and she was able to use both feet again.

After that Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp came often and talked to her when she was in the garden, and Sabina learned to go so quickly when she was called that her feet seemed to dance along instead of walk, and she was like a little Fairy Will-o'-the-Wisp herself.

SAM-SMARTY

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who thought he “knew it all.” His name was Samuel Egbert Morten, but they called him “Sam.” His father was a colonel in the army, and they lived on the parade ground of a military post, where they could see the soldiers drill. Sam had a tent with a flag he could hoist up and down, and he had a soldier’s suit, and a sword, and a gun, and Daddy had promised to give him a canteen (what the soldiers carry water in, you know) on his next birthday.

Sam and his friends had an army and used to fight exciting battles down in the glen behind Barracks. Sam was the head of the army. He just made himself general because he said he knew how to fight better than any of the other boys.

“You can be colonel, John White,” he said the day they got up their army; “and, Beverly, you can be major; and, Brooke, you can be captain; and the rest of you can just be soldiers—unless I decide to have you Germans.”

“Not on your life!” said the other boys. “We’ll be soldiers till we get promoted, but we won’t be Germans!”

“Well,” said Sam very grandly, “I’ll try you as soldiers first, anyway.”

Medora, the only girl they allowed to play with them, was

Sam-Smarty

the Red Cross nurse and took care of them when they were wounded.

Sam was seven, and went to school. He said he knew his "tables" better than any of the other boys, and used to laugh at John White who did not "say his off" as fast as he did.

"Pooh, are you still on the three table," he asked John White one day at school. "I've finished that long ago!"

Miss Mary, who taught the school, heard him, and asked: "Sam, how much are three times three?"

"Oh, a hundred, I reckon—I've finished tables now."

The other boys thought he was very smart to dare to answer Miss Mary that way—and Sam thought so too.

"You may think you have finished," she said. "But I think you had better begin again. You will stay in after school, Sam, and write your three table ten times."

Sam did not feel quite so smart! John White, and Beverly, and Brooke, were going home to lunch with him that day, and they had planned a big battle down in the woods behind the house. But it wasn't so easy to get around Miss Mary as you might think, and Sam had to sit there after all the other children had gone and write, " $3 \times 1 = 3$, $3 \times 2 = 6$, $3 \times 3 = 9$ " all the way to twelve, ten times over.

"Now you may go, Sam; and to-morrow please have your manners as well as your tables," said Miss Mary, when he had finished.

"Yes, ma'am," said Sam, quite meekly.

When he finally got out of school, he found John White, and Beverly, and Brooke, waiting for him outside.

"Well, here I am," said Sam, not so meek now. "Come

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on! Let's have a race to the creek. One-two-three—go! I bet I'll beat you," and off they went.

"I won!" shouted Sam.

"No, you didn't," said Beverly; "John White got there first."

"He *didn't*!"

"He *did*!"

"He *did not*!"

Just then Colonel Morten came along.

"What's the trouble, boys? Can't settle who won the race?"

"No, sir," said Brooke. "Sam says he did, and Beverly says John White did, and I don't know."

"I did, Dad," said Sam.

"Well, suppose you try it again," said Colonel Morten. "Now, from that tree. One-two-three—go!"

But Sam was cross, what boys call "mad," and wouldn't run.

"You're not a sport, Sam," said Colonel Morten; "I'm ashamed of you," and walked on.

"Let's go home and get on our uniforms," said Brooke. "The other boys will be waiting for us."

Sam was still mad, but as they walked up the hill he got over it.

"You know, a real English general is coming to stay with us to-night," he said. "Won't that be great? He'll tell me all about the trenches."

"Gee!" said Beverly. "I wish we could see him."

"Well, maybe you can; he's coming late this afternoon."

Sam-Smarty

When they got over to Sam's the boys were all there, and Medora, Miss-Red-Cross, was waiting too, ready to go into battle with them. They rushed down into the dell behind Barracks. It was a glorious battle. Sam gave the orders, of course; and at first "carried all before him." But after a while John White said he thought he ought to give some commands, as he was colonel.

"No," said Sam; "I'm the head."

"Who made you the head?"

"I did, of course, 'cause my father's a colonel in the army, and I know."

"Well, my father's in the army too!"

"Yes, but he's not as good as my father!"

"He *is*!"

"He *isn't*. And I won't play any more. And you needn't come to dinner," said Sam, throwing down his gun and going up toward his house. He thought Beverly and Brooke were following him, but when he looked around they were going off down the glen behind John White and the other boys, and Miss-Red-Cross was with them.

"Here, Medora," he called out, "you stay and have lunch with me. Don't go with them; they don't know anything."

Miss-Red-Cross shook her curls. "H'm, h'm! 'Smarty had a party and nobody came'!" she called back, and danced away.

So General Samuel Egbert Morten had a lonely lunch, for Mother and Daddy had gone out that day. Never mind, though: the English general was coming, and the other boys wouldn't see him.

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Mother came in just before tea. She found Sam looking very grumpy.

"What's the matter, General Sam?" she asked. "Didn't you have a good time with the boys to-day?"

"No," said Sam, looking still more grumpy; "they don't know anything."

"Oh," said Mother, "and do you know it all? I'm afraid you're going to have a fall some day! But can't you smile a little, and give me one kiss?" Mother was smiling herself and looked very pretty, so Sam gave her a kiss and stopped scowling.

"May I wear my uniform this evening, Mummy?"

"Yes, if you like," Mother answered, laughing. "Go up and get your hands and face washed now; Daddy has gone to the station to meet General Southcoat."

Sam went up, and even scrubbed his ears without being told, coming down very clean and shining as the General drove up. He was tall and straight, and his eyes looked right at you.

"You look just the same, Eleanor," he said to Mrs. Morten, "as you did that summer in England."

"Thank you," said Mother, laughing. "Come here, Sammy; this is our boy. He has been allowed to stay up this evening to feast his eyes on a real general who has been in the trenches."

Sam saluted, and the General returned the salute.

"Ah, a soldier himself, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam. "I'm the head of the army because I

Sam-Smarty

know all about it better than the other boys. And that's my tent out there; I'll show it to you if you like."

"Delighted!" said the General; and Sam proudly took him out, thinking all the time how the other boys had "got left." But as they came to the glen, John White, Beverly, Brooke and all the rest, with Miss-Red-Cross too, stood at salute.

"Ah," said the General, saluting, "here's the army; a fine looking lot of men."

Oh, how *mad* Sam was!

Sam was allowed to sit up that evening until half-past eight. General Southcoat did not talk about himself, though, as Sam thought he would. He told a little about the trenches, but mostly he talked with Mother about "old times."

When it was time for Sam to go to bed, he saluted the General, and Mother went up to tuck him in, as she always did.

"I don't believe he's much account," said Sam as he got into bed; "he didn't say a word about what he had done."

"No," said Mother; "he leaves that for other people, which is a better plan. Good-night, Sammy; sleep well, and God bless you."

Mother went downstairs. Sam could hear the murmur of voices on the veranda. Usually it made him feel comfortable and drowsy, but to-night he tossed from one side of the bed to the other.

"Those boys don't know anything," he kept saying to himself; "and I don't care, I *do*!"

"Of course you do," said a mocking voice beside him. "Come, jump on behind and let's show them a few things!"

Sam sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes to make sure that

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he was not dreaming. There on his pillow was a goblin, with eyes that winked, and blinked, a funny turn-up nose, and a mouth that was just a laugh. He had a sword in his hand, a helmet on his head, and was mounted on a great horse-fly.

"Pooh," said Sam, very wide awake now, "you can't fool me! That's not a horse you're on, it's a fly; that sword's nothing but a blade of grass; and that helmet's just a thistle!"

"All right," laughed the goblin, poking Sam in the side with the blade of grass; "just as you say."

"Ow!" yelled Sam. "What are you trying to do?"

"It's only a blade of grass, Sam-Smarty," laughed the goblin, bumping his head against Sam's cheek.

"Here, keep your helmet away from my face; don't you know it hurts?"

"It's only a thistle, Sam-Smarty," the goblin laughed out again.

"Well, stop it, I tell you, and get out of here; I'll swat you and your old horse-fly—just wait!"

Sam knelt up in bed and grabbed the pillow to hit at the fly; but before he got at him, he felt a kick in the ribs, and rolled on to the floor.

"Where are you, Sam-Smarty?" called the goblin. "I'd like to take you and show you to the other Hob-Gobs. A general that can't hurt a fly! Hee, hi!"

"Get out!" shouted Sam, so angry he didn't know what to do. "It wasn't a fly; your horse kicked me in the ribs."

"All right, just as you say. I must be off! We've got to be ready to meet the Know-It-Alls to-night. Shoo-fly"—and he whizzed away.

Sam-Smarty

Sam ran to the window trying to catch him, but he lost his balance and fell into the middle of the trumpet vine that went up the side of the house. It gave him a bounce, but he wasn't hurt. All around him were Trumpeters in gorgeous red uniforms, blowing blasts on their trumpets.

"Toot-toot! Toot-toot! You can't beat us! You can't beat us! Make way, make way, for the Know-It-Alls. We're going to march on the Hob-Gobs, and the world will be ours! Toot-toot! Toot-toot!"

"Are you going to have a battle?" asked Sam, very much excited. "I'll be your general—I'm a fine general, and I'd like to get at one of those Hob-Gobs myself."

"Can't lead us! Can't lead us! Toot-toot! Make way for the Know-It-Alls."

"Stop making such a noise," Sam yelled at the top of his voice, "and get in line for the battle; they'll be on us before we know it. One of them was here a minute ago. They move quietly, and very fast, and you don't know they're coming till they've got you."

"Toot-toot! Toot-toot! Such people can't hurt us," blew a magnificent Trumpeter. "One blow would send them flying. Toot-toot! Make way, make way, for the Know-It-Alls!"

A light flashed, and Sam saw the Hob-Gobs riding toward them, Goblin Just-As-You-Say at the head.

"They're here! They're here!" shouted Sam. "What shall we do? Where's the commanding officer?"

"Here," blew the magnificent Trumpeter.

"No, here," blew another.

"Don't take orders from them—I'm the one," blew a third.

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In the midst of all the blasts the Hob-Gobs rode quietly on into the very face of the enemy.

"You are the leader of the Know-It-Alls, Sam-Smarty," laughed out Goblin Just-As-You-Say, pointing his sword straight at him. "I challenge you to the fight!"

Sam looked wildly around.

"Here," blew one of the Trumpeters, handing him a horn. "Take this and blow him up. Make way, make way, for the Know-It-Alls!"

Blow—Smash—Bang! A terrible noise. Sam saw the Trumpeters double up all around him—— Then there was a great stillness. . . .

"Why, what is this?" said a voice.

"Oh, just another Know-It-All with the wind knocked out of him; you can't do anything for him, Miss-Red-Cross."

Miss-Red-Cross bent down.

"Poor thing, I can't help feeling sorry for him."

Sam opened his eyes.

"Why, Sam-Smarty!"

"I'm dead, aren't I?" whispered Sam in a feeble voice.

"Let me feel your pulse; no, you've got enough wind left to breathe with, if you don't blow it all out."

Sam looked very meek; he didn't say anything, just looked pleadingly up into Miss-Red-Cross's face.

"Take him home on your horse, Goblin," said Miss-Red-Cross, "and give him another chance." . . .

The next morning Sam went down to breakfast looking as if he were thinking of something very hard. He did more listening than talking, at the table, which was quite unusual for

Sam-Smarty

him. On the way to school he met John White and the other boys.

“Say, I’m sorry I was so mean yesterday, John White. Suppose you be general for a while, and I’ll just be a soldier!”

A FAIRY HOUSE-CLEANING

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who said, "I won't!" When she was told to do a thing, she would scowl, and look very cross, and say, "I won't!" If her mother said, "Come, Polly, pick up your playthings before you go out," Polly would say, "I won't!" "Let mother tie the ribbon on your hair." "I won't!" Polly would say again. "Eat your dinner like a good girl." "I won't!" She really was the most disagreeable little girl you ever knew.

Well, she kept on saying "I won't!" so much she couldn't say anything else. She forgot altogether how to say, "Yes, please, I will," and once when her grandmother came to see her with a box of candy, and said, "Polly, take a piece of candy," Polly said, "I won't!" and Grandmother shut up the box. Polly wanted the candy very much, and began to cry, but no one could find out what she was crying about. You see she didn't know that her tongue had said, "I won't!" instead of, "I will, please."

Another day she went to a party where they had the most delicious ice-cream and cake, and the pretty lady who was helping the children, said, "You'll have some ice-cream, won't you, Polly?" "I won't!" said Polly. It was all in lovely forms, and the one the pretty lady was putting down in front of her

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was an ice-cream squirrel with a curly tail, and of course Polly wanted it; but the lady took the plate away, saying, "What a queer little girl not to like ice-cream." Another pretty lady came with the cake and said, "Will you have a piece of cake, Polly?" And again all Polly could say was, "I won't!" So she didn't have anything to eat at the party, and cried all the way home.

When she got back, Mother was waiting for her, and said, "Well, Polly darling, did you have a good time at the party? Come and tell Mother all about it." She put out her arms to take Polly on her lap, but Polly said, "I won't!" so Mother left her, and Polly went to bed crying.

The Dream-Fairy heard her, and sang:

"Come sail with me on the sea of sleep,
And into fairyland you shall peep;
Where fairies dance in the golden sun,
And all the children have such fun.
No one cries or is naughty there,
And no one thinks of any care,
But every one's merry, and glad, and gay,
And all the shadows fly away.
Oh, come and sail on the sea of sleep,
And into fairyland you shall peep."

Polly shut her eyes all wet with tears, and thought, "Oh, how I'd love to go; but I'm afraid to say anything, because people always seem to do just what I *don't* want, when I speak. Perhaps if I put out my arms she'll know I want to go."

And the Dream-Fairy stepped out of a lady-slipper, and took Polly in her arms, and put her into the slipper, and the

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wind blew them along the sea of sleep, till they came to the gates of fairyland. All the time they were sailing, Polly kept still, she was so afraid of saying something to displease the fairy. It was beautiful to feel the cool wind blowing in her face; it dried up the tears. And when they got to fairyland it was just as the Dream-Fairy had sung, they were all dancing in the golden sunshine, and every one was smiling. "Oh," thought Polly, "I wish I could stay here always." There was a beautiful garden of flowers, and out of each flower came a fairy.

The Pansy-Fairy, who always has sweet thoughts, came up to Polly and said, "Where have you come from, little sister, and why are your cheeks all salt, so when I kiss you I get a bad taste?"

"Oh," said Polly, "have my cheeks turned to salt? I didn't know it."

"Yes," said the Dream-Fairy to the Pansy-Fairy, "it's from her tears."

"Tears!" said the Pansy-Fairy. "Why, every one is happy in fairyland. Tell me, why do you cry?"

Polly tried to tell, but her tongue caught, and she said, "I won't!" and scowled. And the scowl made all the fairies shiver and go back into the flowers. The singing and dancing stopped, and she heard nothing but the wind sighing. "What's the matter?" said Polly. "Oh, what's the matter? Whenever I speak every one goes away. What shall I do?"

The little Violet-Fairy, who is very sweet and gentle, peeped out from a violet and said, "Don't you know what



"POLLY KEPT STILL, SHE WAS SO AFRAID OF SAYING SOMETHING
TO DISPLEASE THE FAIRY"

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you've done, little sister? We can't stay when you speak such cross words, and look like a thunder-storm."

"What cross words did I say?" asked Polly, much surprised. "I just said, 'Yes, I'll tell you.'"

"No, no," said the Violet-Fairy, gently; "you said, 'I won't!'" And the Violet-Fairy trembled so when she spoke the words, she had to sit down on a violet leaf.

"Oh," sobbed Polly, "I didn't know it. I must have said 'I won't!' to Grandmother the other day, and at the party this afternoon, and to Mother to-night, and that's why they all went away. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

The Pansy-Fairy looked out again from a purple pansy, and said, "We'll ask Queen-Rose what you can do."

Queen-Rose came out of her flower and looked at Polly.

"It must be her tongue," she said. "Have you often said 'I won't!' on purpose, my dear?"

"Yes, Queen-Rose, I have," sobbed Polly, "but I don't want to any more."

"It is her tongue," said Queen-Rose. "I'll send for Fairy-Sage-brush to sweep it clean."

Fairy-Sage-brush was a very energetic little fairy with a broom, and Queen-Rose told her to sweep Polly's tongue all clean. It had so many naughty words on it, it took quite a long time to sweep it, but at last Fairy-Sage-brush said she thought it was all clean, and it would be perfectly safe for Polly to speak.

"Thank you," said Polly. "I'm so happy; and I'll try to keep it all clean. Thank you, dear Fairies."

"Now," said the Dream-Fairy, "come, and you shall see

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us dance; and you shall dance too, and play, and be happy with us, and then we'll sail home again."

The next morning Polly woke up hearing her mother say: "Come, Polly, get up and get ready for school."

And Polly said, with her nice clean tongue: "Yes, Mother dear, I will."

THE GIANT WHO LIVED IN HOUSE MOUNTAIN

ONCE upon a time there was a Giant who lived in a mountain. It was called "House Mountain" because the people in the valley thought it looked like a house; but very few of them knew that the Giant lived there, and that it really was his house.

Sheep grazed in the valley, little colts and calves kicked up their heels, birds sang, rosy-cheeked boys and girls laughed merrily, there were green fields, and bubbling brooks, and smiling gardens everywhere, save in one spot—just at the foot of the mountain, where Andy and Anne lived—The-Land-of-Don't-Care.

There, it was bare and brown; nothing grew in the fields; even the wild flowers, who are usually so good about blooming, got discouraged and asked Mr. Seed-Carrier-Wind to blow them somewhere else. The animals all died, for there was nothing to eat, and the birds flew away long before it was time to leave for the winter, finding it no place to bring up their children. They tried at first building their nests there, but some one always robbed them, throwing the eggs on the ground, and the poor mother birds would grieve for their babies, and fly sadly away.

Andy and Anne, and the other boys and girls who lived

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in The Land-of-Don't-Care, were not round and rosy and smiling; they were pale and dirty and cross-looking. They never brushed their hair, nor cleaned their teeth, nor washed their hands and faces. They never drank nice milk, nor ate good meat, and potatoes, and green vegetables; they just sucked long licorice sticks all the time: so of course they were thin and sick. No one ever thought of any one else, but each one grabbed for himself. They squabbled, and pinched, and punched, and pushed each other, and never said, "Excuse me," but always, "I don't care."

The place where Andy and Anne had come from was green and pretty, with nice little houses, and lovely gardens, and a red brick school-house. The children had plenty of time to play, but they had to take some time to go to school too. They could romp and race when school was out, but they had to come in before supper, to study their lessons for the next day. Sometimes Andy had to work in the garden, or Anne had to straighten up her room, and they had to wash their hands and faces, and brush their hair, and do a number of things they were "told."

Andy's house was next door to Anne's house, and they played together, and walked to school together every day. They liked to play, but they didn't like to go to school.

"Anne," said Andy, one day, "I'm sick of being told to *do* things. Father and Mother are always telling me to do things I don't want to do; work in the garden, learn lessons, wash my hands and face, and brush my hair—all sorts of horrid things!"

"Yes," said Anne, "and I'm sick of being told *not* to do things: *not* to go out until I practise my scales, and *not* to stay

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out too late, and *not* to suck licorice sticks—when they are better than anything else.”

“Sure enough!” said Andy.

“I wish,” said Anne wistfully, “there was a place where children could do just as they liked, and there were no fathers and mothers.”

“So do I,” said Andy. “Look here, Anne, maybe there is! Over there at the foot of the mountain is a long way off; perhaps if we went there they couldn’t find us, and then we could do just as we liked.”

“Oh,” said Anne, clapping her hands, “how lovely that would be! Let’s try to find the way.”

“All right,” said Andy. “I tell you, get up early to-morrow morning before any one is awake, and meet me at the gate, and we’ll go.”

So they had wandered away, and had come to The-Land-of-Don’t-Care, where they had found other boys and girls living too.

At first they thought it was the loveliest place to live. There was no one to tell them what they must do; no clock struck the time to come in; there wasn’t a school book to study, nor a piano to practise on; and you sucked all the licorice sticks you wanted, and played all day long. The only trouble was that, as nobody cared about what any one else wanted, but each one wanted to do as he liked, they all got to squabbling, and it was the noisiest place in the world, for every one talked at once, and no one listened to what any one else had to say. People who passed through the beautiful valley always wondered

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what that noisy, wretched spot was, just at the foot of House Mountain.

Now the Giant who lived in House Mountain was a giant who liked beautiful things. It was not bare and cold in his house, but trees grew up to the very door; and though the path to the top was steep and hard in places, laurel, and rhododendron, and ferns, and dogwood, and red-bud, grew all along the way, and the birds sang in the trees.

Some giants are very ugly, with twisted faces, and crooked mouths, but this giant didn't have that kind of face. He was very big, of course, and you had to look up to him to be able to see him, but he had a kind face. There wasn't a mean grin on his mouth, but a broad smile that seemed to stretch out all over the house.

Well, as I was saying, the Giant liked beautiful things, and when he looked down and saw that bare wretched spot, it did not please him.

"All the rest of the land is bright and smiling," he said, "save that one spot just below me! Did the Fairy Spring forget to plant it, or has a plague come upon it? No friendly people, or merry children, seem to be playing there; only miserable creatures, like worms, crawling about on the bare earth. I must see what they are."

The Giant had such long arms he did not have to go down from the mountain to get one of the creatures, he just bent over and picked it up. As he took it between his thumb and finger it kicked and squealed, and he saw that it had two legs, and two arms, two eyes, and two ears, a nose, and a mouth, and long,

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tangled hair. Sounds of, "Ow! Ow!" and, "Oh! Oh!" came from its throat.

"I'll just let it lie there on the ground and kick until it quiets down, and then I can examine it more carefully. I wonder if they are all alike."

He bent over and picked up another: the same sort of creature, only it kicked a little harder, and squealed a little louder. He put it down on the grass beside the other.

They kept on kicking and squirming and making queer noises, "Ow! Ow! Oh!" till at last one of them put out an arm and caught hold of the Giant's leg. The other creature wriggled nearer and got on to the Giant's foot. He wiggled his toes and the creature bounced up in the air.

"Oh, Andy, a rock has blown me up!"

"I don't care, Anne; I'm under a tree, and I'm all right."

The Giant bent his knee and Andy went over backwards! The Giant burst out laughing—a laugh that echoed all through the house, and sounded in the valley below.

"Here's a 'kettle of fish'—and plenty to fry for supper!"

"We're no 'kettle of fish' indeed," screamed Anne.

"And what do you mean by 'frying'?" called out Andy.

"Well, well," said the Giant, in his big, kind voice, "I'll put you in the guest-room for the night and see you in the morning."

He picked one up in each hand and put them in a great room that looked out on the other side of the valley. All night long Andy and Anne squabbled and squealed, but it didn't disturb the Giant at all: he slept quite soundly.

In the morning the sun filled the room with light, and be-

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low them they saw the green fields. It was so lovely they stopped squabbling and looked.

"Are you hungry, Andy and Anne?" a great voice said, that made Andy almost jump out of his skin, and Anne put her fingers in her ears. "Here's some breakfast for you. I eat mine by the vine, but I've saved these for you."

He put down a big dock leaf heaped up with beautiful wild strawberries, glistening with dew.

Andy grabbed, and Anne grabbed, and the strawberries all spilt out and disappeared—there was not one left—even on the floor.

"Here, here! Anne knocked them all off the plate!" called out Andy, as he saw the Giant striding away.

"No, Andy grabbed them before I got a single one!" cried Anne. But the Giant strode on and never turned his head.

They had nothing to eat all day and no supper that evening. You can imagine how hungry they were. They slept at night though, they were so tired.

The next morning Anne said, "I am very hungry, Andy."

"I don't care," said Andy. "I am hungry too."

"Andy, I've been thinking! Yesterday when the Giant brought our breakfast, we both grabbed, and all the strawberries spilt and neither of us got a single one. Now, if you'll promise to grab fair, I'll let you grab first, then I'll take my grab; but mind, you must grab fair and leave me half. Do you want to try it?"

Andy was so hungry he was willing to try anything.

"Yes, if the Giant ever comes back, and we don't die, I'll try it."



"WHEN SHE WASN'T LOOKING, HE DID SOME SCRUBBING TOO"

The Giant Who Lived in House Mountain

The Giant did come back, bringing the leaf heaped up with shining strawberries as he had the day before. Anne's plan worked beautifully: they both had plenty to eat, with some left over, and felt better.

There was a pool in the middle of the room, and after breakfast Anne caught sight of herself reflected in the clear water.

"Oh!" she said. "I didn't know I looked like that!"

She bent down and bathed her face and hands, and then tried to untangle her hair. It took her three whole days to do it, but at last it was smooth and shining.

"Why," said Andy, "you don't look ugly."

"You do," said Anne.

Andy didn't like that, and pretended not to hear her. But when she wasn't looking, he bent down over the pool, and did some scrubbing too.

"You look quite well now," said Anne. "Let's go out and walk around."

They came upon the Giant sitting on the tip-top of his house, beating up clouds with a great spoon.

"Why, what are you doing?" called out Anne. (She was not so afraid of him now as she was at first.)

"Making a snow pudding," said the Giant, smiling down on her. "I am expecting company to tea."

"I thought those were clouds," said Andy.

"They are, but they make delicious snow pudding when you know how to beat them up."

"Who's coming?" asked Anne.

"I was thinking of asking you and Andy," said the Giant.

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"A little snow-cloud pudding would do you good. Will you come?"

"Oh," said Anne, "it would be lovely! Can I help you get things ready? Let's have it where we can't see that bare place; it's so horrid to look down on."

The Giant laughed out his echoing laugh.

"Why, that's your own land, your Land-of-Don't-Care. I thought you would like to have it in sight."

"Oh," said Anne sadly, "I had forgotten it was my land."

The Giant did not say anything, but just smiled his smile that spread all over the house, and went on beating up the pudding.

They had a lovely time, Andy, and Anne, and the Giant, and after supper the Giant took them on his knee so they could see all around and the sky above. Then he escorted them back to the guest-room.

"To-morrow," said the Giant, "you may not like it, but perhaps you'll help me out."

"What do you mean, Giant?" asked Anne.

"You'll see," said the Giant; and strode away.

Early the next morning Andy and Anne were wakened by an awful squalling and squealing, and ow-ing and oh-ing—and in walked the Giant with his arms full of kicking, squirming creatures! He just dumped them down in the middle of the room and, without saying a word, strode out again.

"Why, there's Andy and Anne!" called out one of the creatures—a boy.

"Hello! We wondered what had become of you. Got

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any licorice sticks? Mine's almost gone, and I'm awfully hungry. Here, now, give me one, or I'll punch your nose!"

"Goodness me," called out another creature—a girl—"look at Anne with her hair all brushed! Thinks she looks very fine I suppose; but I don't care!"

"We'll soon make her look like herself," called out the boy, pulling at Anne's long, smooth hair.

"Stop that!" cried Andy, grabbing the boy's hand away. "Don't you hurt a girl!"

In the Land-of-Don't-Care when any one hurt Anne, Andy had always laughed, and made up a face, and said, "I don't care; it doesn't hurt me!" but now he did care a great deal, and it seemed to hurt him as much as it did Anne.

"You needn't think you can stop us from doing what we like," called out all the boys, pouncing on Andy, and beginning to punch him. But Andy had grown so strong since he had stopped sucking licorice sticks, and taken to eating good food, he stood up against them all.

The girls called out at Anne, "Stuck-up-Primpy! Stuck-up-Primpy!"

"Look!" was all Anne said, pointing down into the pool.

They thought they might find something there they wanted, and looked in, but all they saw was the reflection of their own faces, dirty, ugly, cross-looking creatures with tangled hair.

"We don't care, we don't care!" they cried; but way down deep, they did care.

Well, they squabbled, and squealed, and pinched, and punched, all day. Just as it began to grow dark, the door opened, and in strode the Giant! They were all so frightened

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they huddled together in one corner of the room, shaking and trembling from head to foot, and crying like babies.

But the Giant didn't notice them at all. He said something to Andy and Anne, laughed his ringing laugh, and strode out. The squabbling began again, and kept up half the night, but toward morning the Creatures grew tired, and slept, though they did not have sweet dreams at all, and tossed about a great deal.

The next morning one of the girls thought she'd just try washing her face, and brushing her hair, and see how it looked, and when Anne saw her she went over and helped. When they got through, the girl looked into the pool, and saw such a nice face reflected there, she actually smiled—and that made another girl go over and try it, and another, and another. And then after a while the boys thought they'd try it too.

It took a long time to get all the dirt off, especially the licorice around their mouths, but they scrubbed, and brushed, and untangled, for a week, and at last one morning when the Giant came in with breakfast he saw a lot of rosy, smiling faces. He was so pleased he jumped up in the air, and Anne thought he would hit his head against the sky, but he landed safely on his feet, and without coming down on any one either.

"Come, all of you," he said, "this evening as soon as the stars are lighted, and we'll have a party. Anne, you shall make the pudding—you remember how; and, Andy, you shall help me light up."

Just before it was time for the party to begin Anne went in and looked the other children all over. They had helped

The Giant Who Lived in House Mountain

each other dress, and they all had untangled, shining hair, and merry, happy-looking faces.

That was the loveliest party any one ever went to. The snow pudding was ten times better than any ice-cream you've ever tasted, and set them all to singing and dancing. Then the moon came out and lighted the valley, and made the loveliest moving picture you ever saw.

"Look, Anne," said Andy, "look 'all around you, everywhere——"

"Why," exclaimed Anne, "there are flowers growing on the bare spot at the foot of your house, Giant! See, see!" she called to the others. "The-Land-of-Don't-Care has disappeared!"

The Giant's ringing laugh rang out.

"We got rid of the Creatures, you see, and Fairy Spring was able to plant her seeds again."

They took hands and danced about the Giant, and afterward they had another taste of snow pudding all round, and then the Giant said it was time to go.

"Yes," said the Giant, "you must go—each one back to the home you came from, before you wandered off to The-Land-of-Don't-Care."

"Go? Leave House Mountain, and you, and snow pudding parties? We don't know the way!"

"You'll find the path; there will be mothers and fathers waiting for you—they are nice things," said the Giant.

"They don't let you do what you like," said Andy gloomily.

"Well," said the Giant, "it depends on what you like,

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Andy. Go and try it. You can always come up and visit me sometimes, you know."

"But it's such a long way to get here from the valley," said Andy.

"Not as far as you'd think," said the Giant, "after you once get started."

"No," said Anne, "perhaps not; we'll get used to the walk, I expect. Good-by, Giant."

"Good-by—good-by—it's been the loveliest party in the world, and we won't forget you," said all the girls and boys, throwing kisses to him.

"I shall miss you," said the Giant, "but remember to come and see me, and we'll have another party. Good-by—good-by—and don't trample the flowers down when you get there—remember I hate to look at bare places."

The moon had gone behind a cloud, but the Giant smiled his nice broad smile, and that lighted them all the way home.

And sometimes when Anne had very hard lessons to learn, or Andy had trouble in planting the garden, they would look up at the Mountain, and the Giant would wave to them from his House.

THE SECRET OF THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BED

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Peggy, who had been told to get out on the “right side” of the bed. “Always get out on the right side of the bed,” some one had said, “and the fairies will make you good all day.”

The day before she had been very naughty, and disobeyed her mother, and slapped her nurse, and her little sister Nancy, so she had to be sent to her room. She did not like having to stay upstairs all the afternoon—it was such fun to play out of doors; and she began to think of what she had heard about getting out on the right side of the bed. She made up her mind to try it the next morning.

She remembered when she got up, and jumped out on the right-hand side. Every morning Peggy and Nancy had a swim in the bath-tub, always taking turns about going first. This morning it was Nancy’s turn, but Peggy began to cry, and say:

“No, I want mine first. I’m going first—I am, *I am!* I sha’n’t get dressed at all if you won’t let me go first!”

Her mother heard her crying and came into the room.

“Very well, Peggy, go back to bed. If you begin the day

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crying we don't want you downstairs with us. Go back to bed."

Peggy screamed and kicked—yes, I'm sorry to say *kicked*—when she was put into bed. Nancy went down to breakfast and Peggy had to stay upstairs all alone.

"I did get up on the right side," thought Peggy, "and I'm just as naughty as I was yesterday, even naughtier—the fairies didn't help me. Perhaps I've made a mistake, and it's the left side. I'll try to-morrow."

In the afternoon she was allowed to get dressed and go out, but she felt queer inside all day, and though she did not kick or slap any one, she wouldn't play what the other children wanted to, and was so cross no one liked her very much. She went to bed with the same queer feeling inside.

The next morning, though, she felt better, and got up on the other side of the bed to see what the fairies would do for her this time. She took her bath and got dressed without crying, and went down to breakfast. Mother felt so happy to have a good girl.

After breakfast Peggy and Nancy were playing in the sand-box, making sand pies and cakes. They had a beautiful time at first; then Nancy took up Peggy's shovel, and Peggy was so cross she hit Nancy with the rake right on the head. Nancy couldn't help crying, it hurt so much, and when Mother came out and saw what Peggy had done, she had to send her to her room again; because when you hit people, you know, you have to be sent off all alone where there is no one to hit. Peggy was *so* naughty she didn't even think of the fairies, until she went to bed, and then she remembered them.

The Secret of the Right Side of the Bed

"What *is* the matter?" she said to herself. "Yesterday I got out on the right-hand side of the bed, and I was naughty, and to-day I got out on the left-hand side, and I've been naughty again. I don't believe there are any fairies anyway."

Just as she said this she heard a little rustling noise, and in at the open window came a fairy, riding on a butterfly. Before Peggy could speak, the fairy waved her wand, and said:

"You who doubt that fairies be,
Come with me and you shall see—
Big or little, little or big,
None should doubt that fairies live.

Presto change, change presto!
Now you're small enough to go
On the butterfly with me,
All the wondrous sights to see."

Peggy began to shake all over, she was so frightened, and she felt queerer than ever inside. She wanted to call out to Mother, but the fairy held up her wand again, and all Peggy's voice was gone.

"But you may not speak one word,
Until all you've seen and heard.
Presto change, change presto!
Far from here you'll have to go."

The moonlight coming in at the window made the room bright, and as the fairy picked her up and put her on the butterfly, Peggy caught sight of herself in the glass—or what was left of herself, for, like Alice in Wonderland when she drank

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from the magic bottle, Peggy had grown very small. Only instead of having a beautiful dress made of flower-petals as the fairy had, and shining in the moonlight like a star, Peggy looked all dull and brown, the color of a mud-puddle.

She tried to jump off the butterfly, but he flew out of the window so quickly, and sailed so fast through the air, all she could do was to hold on tight. Every time she tried to cry out the fairy waved her wand, and Peggy's voice was gone.

They flew on and on, over the fields and through the woods, all lighted by the moon, until they came to a beautiful garden filled with fairies. You remember the garden Polly went to with the Dream-Fairy? A garden like that.

The fairies were dancing. The butterfly stopped, and the Fairy of Sun and Shadow (that was her name) stepped off his back and beckoned Peggy to follow her. All the fairies seemed to shine like stars, and Peggy looked so muddy and dark she wanted to hide away somewhere out of sight.

"What will they say to me," she thought, "coming to a party dressed like this?" She saw a beautiful little fairy, so bright and shining, she wanted to throw her arms around her, but the minute Peggy went near her the fairy faded away, and there was nothing left but a light where she had been.

A little farther on there was another beautiful fairy, and Peggy went up to her.

"Surely," she thought, "this one will tell me where I can get a dress to wear to the dance."

But when she went up to speak to her, the same thing happened—she faded away and only a ray of light was left. She



"SHE FADED AWAY, AND THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT BUT A
LIGHT WHERE SHE HAD BEEN"

The Secret of the Right Side of the Bed

kept on going up to each fairy in turn, and each one faded away, leaving behind a ray of shining light.

"Just a minute ago," said Peggy, "I was in a garden filled with flowers, and fairies dancing, and now I'm all alone, and I feel cold in my muddy dress, and I can't get any other to wear to the dance, and even if I had a dress, there is no dance to go to."

But when she looked up, she saw, just ahead of her, the same fairies dancing. This time, she thought, instead of speaking first she would go up softly and take a fairy's hand, and hold her tight before she could get away.

But the same thing happened as before; each fairy faded away, and only the ray of light was left. She had even been deserted by the fairy who had brought her, the Fairy of Sun and Shadow.

"She made me feel queer inside, and wouldn't let me speak a word, but I wish she were here now," said Peggy.

"Presto change, change presto!
Far away you have to go."

A voice sounded in Peggy's ear, and she was caught up again by the Fairy of Sun and Shadow, and put on the butterfly. They flew on, and on. There seemed to be no end to the garden, and when the butterfly was thirsty or tired he rested on a flower and took a sip of dew.

After a very long fly, they stopped again, and Peggy was put down under a fern. The dance was still going on, and the fairies were singing.

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“Oh, if I could only dance, and dance like these fairies, and never have to do what I don’t like!” Peggy thought.

Although Peggy was not allowed to speak, the Fairy of Sun and Shadow could see her thoughts; by holding up a sunbeam, she could read them all.

“Do you think we always dance?” asked the Fairy of Sun and Shadow. “Oh, no; we only play when our work is done. We weave dreams for the children, we kiss the flowers and make them grow——”

“Why won’t the other fairies speak to me?” said Peggy.

“Because you drive them away,” answered the Fairy of Sun and Shadow. “You have pins sticking out all over you, and you are muddy, and fairies can’t live near mud.”

Peggy began to get cross again.

“Well,” she said, “it was your wand that made me muddy. I was all clean when I went to bed, but you came with your wand and made me all dirty.”

The Fairy put up her wand again:

“But you may not speak one word,
Until all you’ve seen and heard.

“You think you were clean until I waved my wand, but you are wrong. Your hands and face may have been clean, but you were muddy inside. The reason you are muddy outside too is because the fairies, with their candles of sunbeams, can see right through you, and the inside shines out. You may speak once now, if you want to ask me any question.”

“Tell me why,” said Peggy, “you didn’t help me? I got

The Secret of the Right Side of the Bed

out one morning on the right side of the bed and was naughty, and the next morning I got out on the other side and was naughty."

"Oh," said the Fairy of Sun and Shadow, "you thought it meant the right *hand* side. The *outside* doesn't matter; it's the way you are *inside*. You didn't try to be good. That's why we didn't help you."

Just then the fairy turned a sunbeam into Peggy's heart, and she understood it all.

"How can I get the mud off?" cried Peggy. "O tell me. I'll do whatever you say."

"I'll give you a bath," said the Fairy of Sun and Shadow; "and to-morrow morning, remember, either side of the bed is the *right* side, if your heart is open to the sunshine. Of course, you can't expect everything to be easy always; fairies don't like things to be too easy—it's no fun. Just go on trying, and the fairies will help you."

Peggy had a bath of sunbeams, and came out all shining. And after that she knew the Secret of the Right Side of the Bed.

“BILLY-FORGOT”

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who always “forgot.” He was six whole years old, and went to school where he learned A B C’s (you know what they are, don’t you?) and figures, and had a reader, so he really was old enough to remember sometimes, wasn’t he? But he just forgot.

When you get to be six, of course, you can do ever so many things you couldn’t do when you were four or even five, and many of the things are great fun; but there are other things people “expect of you” and that’s not so nice. Your sisters ask you to run upstairs and get something for them; and you have to have table manners; and remember to take off your hat when you meet ladies in the street; and you have to wash your face and hands before you come to the table. Then usually some one—mother or one of your sisters—says, “Why, Billy, you’ve forgotten to wash your hands! Go right upstairs and do it.” When you want to get through dinner as fast as you can and go out to play it’s an awful nuisance. Mothers and sisters don’t seem to realize that washing takes time. Of course girls don’t mind: they like to dress up and wash their hands and faces, but to boys it’s a dreadful bother.

Billy lived in an old town where there were nice, com-

“Billy-Forgot”

fortable houses with plenty of places to play outside and room for a garden too. They had a beautiful garden at Billy's; Mother took care of the flowers and Daddy looked after the vegetables. Ellen Elizabeth and Mary May, Billy's two sisters, each had a garden, and Billy wanted one too, so Father gave him a patch to plant.

“You must take care of it yourself, boy,” said his father; “water it, you know, and pull up the weeds so the good things will grow.”

“All right, Daddy,” said Billy.

There was a great deal of talk that summer about feeding the nation. That means that each person that had any land should plant something to eat so that there would be enough food for every one in our own country, and some to send to the poor soldiers who were fighting across the sea besides.

“That's fine,” said Billy; “I'll feed the nation!”

“We must remember to keep the gate shut now that the garden is planted, so that the old black cow won't get in,” Mother said.

“All right,” said Billy. But that very morning he left it wide open when he came home from school, and was mad when Ellen Elizabeth sent him back to shut it. “I forgot,” he said.

“Did you post my letter, Billy?” asked Mary May. “You know you said you would.”

“Oh, I forgot,” said Billy. “You girls are always fussing over something!”

When he met people he knew on the street he never took off his hat—he “forgot.” That's the way it was about every-

Howtobegood Stories

thing; if it had been that he just forgot sometimes you might have excused him, but it seemed that he forgot all the time.

One day Billy's father had to go away. He was on something called a "Commission."

"It's the same thing you are doing, Billy," said Daddy; "trying to raise food enough for our own people and the poor hungry people across the ocean too. So be sure you do your part here, and let me see a fine garden when I get back. And remember, you'll be the only man of the family while I am away, and must take care of Mother and the girls."

Billy felt very proud to be called the Man of the family. They all missed Daddy very much; in the evening especially it was lonesome when he didn't come home. The Commission had a great deal to do and he was gone a long time; but one evening Mother got a letter saying, "I shall arrive to-morrow afternoon on the six o'clock train, and I needn't tell you how happy I shall be to get home again."

The next morning they were making all sorts of plans. They would all go to the station to meet Daddy, of course, Mother said, and would start at half-past five. They would have beaten biscuit and his favorite dessert for supper, and Ellen Elizabeth and Mary May had lettuce and radishes from their own gardens for him. So they talked happily at breakfast.

Billy ran off down the hill to school, leaving the gate wide open behind him. He didn't know his reading at all, and when his teacher asked him why, he said, "I forgot." When he came home from school he saw a telegraph boy on the porch just about to ring the bell.

“Billy-Forgot”

“I’ll take it,” said Billy.

“Deliver it right off,” said the boy; “it’s a telegram.”

“All right,” said Billy.

Just as he got into the hall the telephone rang. It was The-Boy-Next-Door who wanted to know if Billy would come over and play. Billy stuck the telegram in his pocket, threw his school bag down on the table, and went off. He got in late to lunch.

“We were playing and I didn’t know the time,” he said.

“Well, goosie,” said Mary May, “you could have asked, couldn’t you?”

“I forgot,” said Billy. “You mind your own business and don’t go butting in!”

After lunch Mother said she was going out to pick some fresh flowers.

“It’s like a regular party having Daddy get home, isn’t it?” said Ellen Elizabeth. “Let’s all go out and help.”

“Oh—oh—oh!” cried Mother as they came into the garden. “All my lovely flowers and the vegetables that I’ve been watching so carefully for Daddy, trampled down!”

“It looks as if a cow had been in here!” exclaimed Mary May.

“Yes,” said Ellen Elizabeth, “there are the footprints; but how could she have got in, we are always so careful about the gate?”

Billy stood looking very unhappy. “I forgot,” he said.

There was nothing to be done about it, and Mother didn’t scold. She just went into the house, saying, “Be ready to start at half-past five.”

Howtobegood Stories

You might think that Billy "forgot" to be ready, but he didn't; he seemed to be able to remember the things he wanted to do. They started gaily off for the station. The train was exactly "on time" and they felt a little thrill as the engine came puffing in.

"Where is he?" said Billy.

"You can't expect him to get off before the train stops, dear," said Mother.

"It has stopped now," said Ellen Elizabeth.

"Maybe he's down at the other end," said Mary May; "I'll go and see."

Mother was looking at both ends and in the middle. One person after another got off but no Daddy.

"Where is he? Where can he be?" said the girls.

"He said he was coming, and he always does what he says," said Billy.

Mother looked worried. Could he have missed the train, she thought? No, because then he would have sent her a telegram. Was he ill?

"Well," she said in a quiet tone, "there is nothing to do now but go home."

Instead of a "party" it was a very forlorn supper, and they went to bed early; except Mother, who sat waiting for a telegram. . . .

Morning came and they went down to breakfast. Mother looked tired and pale.

"Don't you feel well, Mother darling?" asked Ellen Elizabeth.

"No, dear; I have a headache," said Mother.

“Billy-Forgot”

“You’ve been worrying about Daddy,” said Mary May, putting her arms around her. “Poor Mother!”

“I’ll take care of you, Mother,” said Billy.

“Thank you, Billy,” answered Mother with a little smile.

“Will you shut the gate when you go to school?”

“All right,” said Billy.

Just at that minute a car drove up, the door opened, and there stood Daddy!

“Oh, darling!” “Why, Daddy!” and Mother and Ellen Elizabeth, Mary May and Billy all rushed into his arms.

“What did happen?” asked Mother after the first hug was over. “I’ve been so worried I haven’t slept all night.”

“Why, didn’t you get my telegram, dearest? I sent it early yesterday telling you I should not be able to get home until this morning.”

“No telegram came,” said Mother, “that I know of. Jake,” she asked the old butler, “do you know anything about it?”

“No’m; ain’t no one telegraphed you dat I knows of.”

Billy suddenly looked very much ashamed.

“Oh,” he said, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a dirty yellow envelope, “I forgot!”

“That’s rather a serious matter, young man,” said Daddy in his stern tone. “But here I am now; tell me all about everything. How does your garden grow, Mistress Mary,” he asked Mother.

“It has been doing very well,” said Mother, “but—er——”

“We have lettuce and radishes for you,” said Ellen Elizabeth and Mary May.

Howtobegood Stories

"And how about you, Billy; what have you done toward feeding the nation?"

"My things didn't come up very well," said Billy. "I forgot to water them."

That evening at supper it was like a party, for Daddy was home and the next day would be Saturday and there wouldn't be any school.

The next morning Billy started off early. He was going to spend the day with The-Boy-Next-Door and he'd told him to come over right after breakfast. But when he got there The-Boy-Next-Door had gone out.

"That's queer!" exclaimed Billy. "He told me to be sure to come early. He said he'd be back soon though, didn't he?"

"No, suh, young ge'man," said old Aunt Betty, smiling at the kitchen door, "he didn't say nothin' 'bout comin' back. I speck he done forgot. His mammy say he won't be home for dinner."

Billy was so disappointed he almost cried, only he didn't want Aunt Betty to see him, so he managed to keep back the tears, and went home.

"Mother," he called when he got in, "Mother, don't you think The-Boy-Next-Door is the meanest thing? He asked me to lunch and then went off!"

No one answered. Jake came out into the hall.

"They's gone, Massa Billy. Yo Mammy and yo Daddy and de young ladies."

"Gone where?" asked Billy in great surprise.

"Off in de automobile on a picnic; yo Daddy say 'twas to celebrate his gettin' home."

“Billy-Forgot”

“But they didn’t say anything about it this morning! Why didn’t they tell me?”

“I dunno, Massa Billy; I reckon dey forgot.”

Billy rushed out into the garden, flung himself down on the spot where his potatoes should have been growing and cried. Yes, though he was six and a boy, just plain cried!

“The-Boy-Next-Door invited me to spend the day and then w-went off,” he sobbed; “and Mother and Daddy, and Ellen Elizabeth and Mary May have g-g-gone on a picnic, and never said a w-word about it, not a-a word and——”

“They just forgot!”

“You go on away, Jake, and leave me alone.”

“Who said anything about Jake? I said they just forgot.”

“Well, who’re you?” asked Billy, kicking out with both legs.

“*I am I,
Or maybe me,
Or possibly, too,
I may be you.*”

“Well, go on, anyway,” said Billy. He lay there with his face in his hands.

“Billy forgot,
Billy forgot,
Oh, such a lot,
Oh, such a lot.”

There was a tap like a hammer on his head.

“Stop that!”

“Don’t you want it mended? Excuse me, I thought you

Howtobegood Stories

did. Never mind, then, Yellow-Hammer, you needn't stay."
"What are you talking about?"

"Billy forgot,
Billy forgot,
Oh, such a lot,
Oh, such a lot.

There's a hole in his head
And it all drops out,
And that's what the trouble
Is all about.

"See, here's a whole basketful I've picked up: telegrams,
and potatoes, and lessons, and——"

"Out of my head?"

"Yes—

"Billy forgot,
Billy forgot,
Oh, such a lot,
Oh, such a lot."

"Who are you?"

"I am I,
Or maybe me,
Or possibly, too,
I may be you."

"You are me, or possibly you?"

"No, I or possibly you, not me."

"Oh, did any one ever hear such nonsense!"

“Billy-Forgot”

He felt something brush against his cheek, and looked around. There perched on his shoulder was a fairy with bright eyes and a laughing face; on her arm was a basket.

“Where did you come from?” asked Billy, growing more surprised each minute.

“I live here in the Garden-of-Remembrance—over there among your mother’s hollyhocks and Sweet Williams and cinnamon pinks. I saw that hole in your head when you were planting your patch, but I thought you might be able to mend it yourself before it got any bigger.”

“All right,” said Billy.

*“All right, all right,
Says Billy, and then
Never thinks of a thing again.*

“Don’t you see it all drops out, and every time the hole grows bigger, and bye and bye you won’t have any head at all.”

“Gee, I wouldn’t like that! You must keep your head; I heard Daddy tell Mother so when he was teaching her to drive the car. If there really is something the matter I would like to have it fixed.”

“It will hurt, you know,” said the fairy; “but if you do really want it mended, and will keep still and not cry, I’ll call Yellow-Hammer back and see what he can do.”

She gave a little call that was like a bird’s note and Yellow-Hammer flew on top of Billy’s head. He began to pound: hard, and a little harder, and harder still. It made Billy squirm,

Howtobegood Stories

but the fairy started saying in her quick little voice, "Billy forgot"—which made him keep still, and finally the pounding stopped.

"A splendid piece of work, Yellow-Hammer," said the fairy.

"Sorry to have been such a long time about it," said Yellow-Hammer, "but it was a very big hole."

"All right," said Billy, feeling his head to make sure there was no hole left. "Thank you."

"Ah," said the fairy, "you've remembered your manners. That's a good sign."

"Say, what about the family? Don't you think it was pretty mean of them to go off that way and never tell me a word about it?"

Billy put his hand up quickly and rubbed his eyes; he felt a tear and didn't want it to fall before the fairy.

"Billy forgot, Billy forgot! Didn't you upset everything yesterday? Why should they specially care to have you go motoring with them? They would have had to stop every few minutes to pick up the things that dropped out of your head."

"Oh, I didn't think of that. But look here, won't you please tell me who you are?"

"I am I——"

"There you go again! Why don't you answer me?"

"Well, you see I'm not sure that you really want to know me, though I'm quite worth knowing, I assure you."

"Stuck on yourself, aren't you, like Ellen Elizabeth and Mary May? I would like to know you though, honestly."

"I am Fairy Remember. It's very hard to make my ac-



NOBLE
LIVES

“‘A SPLENDID PIECE OF WORK, YELLOW-HAMMER’”

“Billy-Forgot”

quaintance, especially for boys, but when you know me better I think you will grow to like me.”

“As a rule,” said Billy, “I don’t care much for girls, but I believe I would like you, Fairy Remember; and I’ll bring The-Boy-Next-Door over and introduce him to you.”

“I should be delighted to meet him,” said Fairy Remember. She spread her wings.

“You aren’t going, are you? It’s awfully lonesome here.”

“I’ve got some more work to do, but I’ll come to see you again, and you can always find me when you want me, you know,” she said in her quick little voice—and was gone. . . .

Billy sat there with his head in his hands thinking it all over; then he got up and began to dig in his garden.

THE WITCH-PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there lived in a dark forest, a Witch! Her hair was scraggy, and her nose was so long it touched her mouth, and her chin was so pointed it pricked like a pin. Her hands were skinny and looked like claws, and she had little bits of eyes that looked right through you, and made you feel cold all over.

She lived in a chocolate house with a sugar door and sugar windows, and when you first saw it you would have said, "How good to eat!" (provided the Witch had not been there to frighten all thought of eating out of you). But the chocolate had grown so stale, and the sugar so hard, you could not have bitten off even a bite; which was very lucky for her, but disappointing to you. She rode on a broomstick, as all witches do, and the only good thing she ever did was to "brush the cobwebs out of the sky." Even that she often neglected, which made the days very cloudy.

There was not a single flower near her house, for the minute she looked at a flower it faded away and died; so there was just a heap of dead leaves around the door, and the grass was all withered. She didn't know how to smile or laugh, only to make a terrible noise in her throat, "Ha-ha-ha!" and then the whole house would shake, and so would you if you had heard

The Witch-Princess

it. She ate pickles, and drank vinegar, which made her very sour.

One day a little boy and a little girl, Bobby and Betty, went out to pick daisies in a field near their house. It was a big field full of beautiful white daisies, and they were very happy picking the flowers, and playing hide-and-seek in the long grass; but after a while Bobby said:

"I'm sure the daisies in the field over there are prettier than these. Come along, let's go and see."

"All right," said Betty; "but I think these are very pretty, and you know we were told not to go too far away."

"Oh, well," said Bobby, "that isn't too far away. Come on."

The daisies in the next field were prettier, and they were bigger, and there were more of them. But in the field just beyond, some yellow daisies were growing with black centers, and when Bobby saw those he said:

"Look, look, Betty! Did you ever see such beauties? Hurry up before some one else finds them! We just have to cross that brook, and go a little farther, and we'll be there."

It seemed pretty far to Betty, but she didn't want Bobby to think she was afraid to go, so they started. They got across the brook, but the field still seemed quite far away.

"Come on," said Bobby. (He was always saying "Come on," Betty thought, and she always seemed to go whether she wanted to or not, just because he said so.) "Come on, we'll take that little path instead of going around by the road, and then we'll get the loveliest daisies in the world. No one will have such daisies as ours. Let's run."

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So they took hands and ran.

They ran so fast they didn't see where they were going, till all of a sudden they bumped into a big tree and the side of the tree opened, and they fell in—fell right in, and through, on to the other side. It was a pretty hard bump, and Betty felt very much like crying, but she knew if she did Bobby would laugh at her and call her a "cry-baby," so she kept back the tears and sat up. Bobby was bruised too, but he was thinking so much about his daisies he didn't care, and got up to pick them. But—instead of the yellow daisies dancing in the sun, it was black all around them: a thick, thick wood, so thick they couldn't see any blue sky at all.

"Oh, Betty!" he said, as he took hold of her hand. "Betty, where are we? And where are the daisies? And, O Betty, if I weren't a boy I'd cry!"

"It's so dark, Bobby," Betty cried, "and we are so far away; I'm afraid."

And just as she said that they heard a terrible sound: "Ha-ha-ha!"

"Come quick—we'll go through the tree again! Come, give me your hand, Betty."

"Oh!" sobbed Betty. "I'm afraid!"

And again they heard the terrible sound, "Ha-ha-ha!" They tried to go through the tree, but it wouldn't open, and there was no other way out.

Just then they saw a little house, made of chocolate, and while they were wondering what they could do, the top of the house flew off and out came the Witch, riding on a broomstick, and calling out:



"SHE REALLY DID TRY TO SMILE; THOUGH SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW AT ALL"

The Witch-Princess

“Ha-ha-ha!

Ten little children all in a pot,
Boiling, boiling, boiling hot!
Pickles and vinegar are all very nice,
But I like better sugar and spice.
Sugar and spice and children sweet,
Round and plump and good to eat.
Ten little children all in a pot,
Boiling, boiling, boiling hot.
Ha-ha-ha!”

Well, you can just imagine how frightened they were! They couldn't think of anything to do but cover up their faces and cry. But Bobby remembered just in time that he was a boy, and must take care of Betty; and covering up his face wouldn't do any good at all. Betty tried hard to be brave too, though she was shaking all over.

“Go away!” said Bobby. “Oh, please, please don't put us in a pot all boiling hot.”

“Who speaks?” said the Witch, coming down on her broom-stick. “Ha, two little children! And you're afraid of me, aren't you?”

“Oh!” said Betty, “please, please listen to Bobby, and don't eat us up. Bobby is brave.”

And as she said that the long, long nose of the Witch began to grow shorter, and her eyes got bigger, and she tried, she really did try to smile; though she didn't know how at all.

“Oh,” she said, “will you kiss me, little boy? And will you put your arms around my neck, little girl? Oh, will you?”

Well, that was pretty hard, to kiss an old thing like that, for her chin was still sharp like a pin. I think if there had

Howtobegood Stories

been any place to run to, they would have run away, but there was a big splash of water, and Betty looked up and saw the old Witch crying—crying tears as big as waves, and Betty was so sorry for her, she put her arms around her, and Bobby kissed her.

And what do you think happened? There was a sound like something cracking, and they looked up and there stood a fairy, a beautiful Fairy Princess with golden hair, and a smile like sunshine! And she said in the sweetest voice:

“Oh, my blessed children, you have saved me. I wasn’t intended for a Witch, I was born a beautiful fairy; but I used to get very cross sometimes, and cry and slap people, and be afraid of things, and one day I was so horrid the Fairy Queen turned me into a Witch, and said I should have to stay one till some little child who was brave would kiss me.

“And now I am a fairy again and all the flowers will grow around me, and the chocolate house will be good to eat. And I’ll take you home through Fairyland, where you shall see the fairies dance, and whenever you are afraid or cross, just think of me.”

“DICKEY-DIDN’T-MEAN-TO”

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who never *meant* to do anything. He would upset his milk at breakfast, step on the gray kitten’s tail, leave his toys lying around on the back porch, where Father would stumble over them when he locked up at night, come in without wiping his feet and track mud all through the house, bang doors instead of shutting them, and wake Mother up when she was taking a nap, borrow things from his big brother and lose them; and always he said, “I didn’t mean to.”

On warm afternoons Mother used to have tea in the garden. Jane always arranged the tea-table with the silver tray, and the cups and saucers, and a mahogany stand beside it with sandwiches and pink cakes, out in the summer-house.

Dickey and “the boys” were allowed to play all over the lawn, down in the apple orchard, on the back porch, everywhere but in the garden. Boys, you see, have a way of not thinking and are apt to trample down the flowers, so Mother had to make a rule that they couldn’t run and play “hide” in the garden.

One afternoon the Bronsons telephoned they would motor over and drop in to tea; so Mother told Jane to have plenty of sandwiches and cakes, for they would probably be

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hungry after the ride. Dickey was not interested, but his big brother was, because the Bronson Girl was coming, and he got all dressed up by half-past four—which Dickey thought very foolish. Dickey had “the boys” there that afternoon and they were having an exciting game of hide-and-seek. Jimmy Jinks was “It.” Dickey saw the tea-table all ready in the summer-house, but forgot what Mother had said about playing hide in the garden and rushed in pell-mell to get a good place before Jimmy got up to “five-hundred-by-fives.” He didn’t look where he was going, ran into the tea-table, smashing cups and saucers and spilling the tea and cream, and knocked over the stand, upsetting all the sandwiches and pink cakes.

Mother and the Bronsons were just coming out for tea, and John and the Bronson Girl were behind them.

“Gee, Kid,” said John, “what on earth are you doing here?”

“I didn’t mean to,” said Dickey.

Mother felt very bad about her pretty cups and saucers, but she couldn’t say anything then.

“‘No use crying over spilt milk,’ ” she laughed. “Dickey, you and John pick up the pieces, and I’ll see if Jane has some more sandwiches and cake for us.”

There were very few pink cakes left, for Dickey and “the boys” had been in the pantry “tasting,” and the Bronson Girl was so polite she took only one cake, which worried John, for he knew she liked them and really wanted more.

Soon after that, Dickey wanted to play baseball, and John said he would teach him how. He showed him the way to hold the bat, and go at the ball, and gave him some points on “home

“Dickey-Didn’t-Mean-To”

runs.” Dickey practised all the time, he was so anxious to be a “crack player” some day.

It was a rainy afternoon and John was sitting in the swing reading a very exciting story, “Treasure Island”—when you get to be a “big brother” you’ll read it—and Dickey was flourishing his bat around.

“Be careful how you swing that bat on the porch, Kid!”

But Dickey was so interested in the game he paid no attention to John till he heard him exclaim: “Great Guns!” and saw him tumble over on to the floor.

“I didn’t mean to! Did I hurt you, John? I didn’t mean to—I didn’t mean to—— Come quick, somebody! John won’t sit up and he won’t speak to me and there’s a big lump on his head!”

Fortunately Father was in his study and heard Dickey call. When he came out he saw what had happened.

“Dickey, ask Mother to come down.”

Mother bathed the poor head, but the lump seemed to grow bigger every minute, and still John didn’t speak.

“I didn’t mean to—I didn’t mean to,” cried Dickey. “Please open your eyes and say it’s all right.”

“This looks serious,” said Mother.

Dickey couldn’t bear it. He rushed upstairs to the garret, where he always took refuge when the world went wrong, and flung himself down between the cedar chest and a pile of old books. Probably John would die and never call him “Kid” again, or show him how to do the things big boys could do. He longed to go downstairs and see if he had opened his eyes, but John would not want to look at him if he did. No one

Howtobegood Stories

would want such a dreadful boy as he was around, and no one would ever want to speak to him again. He'd better just stay where he was.

The old books had a musty, comforting smell. He could hear mice scampering around, and there was a great spider spinning a web from one of the rafters. Miss Muffett sat near by, eating her curds and whey, but she didn't notice Dickey.

"Breaking heads is pretty serious, isn't it? I found that out the day 'Jack fell down and broke his crown.'"

"Your Mother whipped you, didn't she, for causing Jack's disaster? I think it was pretty mean of her when you didn't mean to."

"It hurt just as much as if she did mean to."

"Yes, and Mother said that I must bear the consequences."

"Bear the consequences? What does that mean?" asked Dickey.

"I don't know exactly—I haven't had much to do with those long words yet—but I think it means taking what comes when you do things you shouldn't."

"Oh, yes."

"I felt awfully sorry for you the evening you came up here after you had smashed all those cups and saucers, and I wanted to tell you a few things; but Jack said I was just a girl and you were different, and it wasn't the same thing at all; so I kept still."

There was a scream and Dickey jumped up.

"Did I hurt you? I didn't mean to."

"No, that's Miss Muffett—she doesn't like the spider."



"'I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BOOK, MOTHER GOOSE,' SAID DICKEY"

“Dickey-Didn’t-Mean-To”

“You’re an awfully nice girl, Jill, and I wish you had told me some things. Now it’s too late! John will die——”

“I don’t know,” said Jill. “Vinegar and brown paper will do a good deal; but ‘I didn’t mean to’ doesn’t help very much.”

“No, indeed,” said Old Mother Hubbard, shutting the cupboard door with a bang; “where would my dog have been if I had said that?”

“Well, you found him dead when you got back from the baker’s.”

“Don’t be impertinent!” said Mother Hubbard, limping away and calling her dog after her.

“I can’t make it out,” said Dickey. “If I said I will kill John, I will break the cups and saucers, I will spill my milk, and bang doors, and track in mud and do all the things I shouldn’t, then I might be able to help it; but when I don’t mean to——”

“I’ll tell you,” said a dear, grandmotherly-looking old lady; “you try thinking beforehand instead of excusing yourself afterward. I believe you’ll get on better.”

“Yes, Mother Goose. But oh, I’m so afraid John will die!”

“There, there, child,” said Mother Goose, in a quiet, comforting tone.

“I thought you were a book, Mother Goose,” said Dickey, putting his head down in her lap.

“Well, well, child. . . .”

“Why, here you are with your head on a pile of old books,” whispered Mother, bending over him. “Poor little Dickey Boy! I couldn’t leave John before, but I’ve come to find you now because I knew how miserable you’d be.”

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"Is John dead? Oh, is he dead?"

"No; it was a very bad knock, but he will get well. Come downstairs quietly; he's gone to sleep."

Dickey got up from the floor.

"Remember . . ." said Mother Goose.

Dickey went down very quietly.

It was several days before John got well, but Dickey waited on him and ran errands for him, and brought him good things to eat, and was always very careful to think "before" instead of "after."

"Why, Kid," said John, "you're improving! Cheer up, old boy, we'll have some good baseball yet."

BARBARA AND THE WAVE FAIRIES

BARBARA stood on the beach, watching the waves. She wanted very much to go into the water, but did not dare. If only the waves were not so big, and would be quiet a little while, not keep coming in, coming in, all the time, then she might venture, she thought; but they never stopped. Always, always, they rolled in with that roaring sound, and she was afraid if she went far into the water a big wave might go all over her.

It was early in the morning, and no one was on the beach. In the sky there were great white, fleecy clouds, the kind the fairies sail on, and the water was a deep, deep blue, and all sparkling with sunbeams. Still the waves came in—Barbara went a little nearer to the water. It looked so cool, if only those waves would be still! She kept walking out a little farther, and a little farther, not seeing how far she was going, until she looked up suddenly, to see a wave coming toward her so fast, she could not get away from it. But as it came she heard a voice from somewhere say: “Don’t be afraid; I won’t hurt you; I just want to kiss you.” And the wave went over her, but she stood there, just the same, and was not a bit hurt, only nicely wet and cool.

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And the Voice said again: "Didn't you like that kiss? Come out a little farther and get another."

"What kiss?" said Barbara. "And where are you?" She looked around but no one was there.

"Come out, come out," the Voice cried again; and the Voice was so sweet, and the water so cool, Barbara walked a little farther.

Another wave went over Barbara, and the Voice cried: "Now come out beyond where we break—what you people call breaking; we don't really break at all, we just dance on to the shore and back again to the sea. But come and jump over us."

It looked a good way out, but Barbara did not want to be a coward, so she went, where some one seemed to be beckoning her though she could not see anybody. A great beautiful wave came rolling in, and the Voice cried, "Jump!" and Barbara jumped and the wave went on without wetting her at all.

"That was fine," said Barbara. "I'd like to do it some more."

Then another wave came, and another, and Barbara jumped them all. Oh, it was such fun!

After Barbara had done that for some time, the Voice said: "Now put yourself out on the water, and move your arms and legs, and you'll stay on top of the wave."

"Take my feet off the bottom?" asked Barbara, a good deal frightened at such an idea.

"Yes, right off," said the Voice.

"Is that what they call swimming?" asked Barbara.

"Yes," said the Voice.



MORRIS

"SHE WANTED VERY MUCH TO GO INTO THE WATER, BUT DID NOT DARE"

Barbara and the Wave Fairies

"But I don't know how."

"Oh, never mind," said the Voice. "Just work your arms and legs as I tell you, and you'll be all right."

So Barbara, not frightened now exactly, but curious to see what would happen, put herself out on the water and worked her arms and legs; and it was just as the Voice said—she stayed on top of the waves, riding gaily along. Oh, how beautiful it was, and how much nicer than standing on the shore, wishing she could go in.

"Now," said the Voice, "you've proved you're not a little coward-sit-on-the-shore, and you shall know all about us."

"All about whom?" asked Barbara.

"You'll see," replied the Voice. "Is any one on the beach?"

"No," said Barbara, "not a soul. No one is up yet, just I. I got up with the sun this morning. It was so lovely out of doors."

"Then we'll go on the beach, while I tell you. Jump on and ride in."

"Jump on where?" said Barbara, very much mixed up by all this strange talk.

"On to the wave, of course; there, that's all right." And just then a great big wave came and took Barbara right on to the beach.

Barbara was rather surprised but not the least bit hurt, and when she looked up she saw, stepping out of the white and green foam, a beautiful fairy. Barbara had seen some fairies before, the flower fairies, and the wind fairies, and the cloud fairies, but she had never seen one like this. This fairy had eyes that danced like the sunbeams on the water, and looked

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sometimes deep blue, and sometimes green, like the green in the waves just before they dance on to the shore. Her hair was the color of sea-weed, when it is fresh and wet from the sea. She had a necklace of sea-shells around her neck, and a crown of sunbeams on her head, and her dress was made of white sea-foam. When she moved toward Barbara, she made a sound like the waves—not like the waves on the shore, but the rippling sound they make against the rocks. Barbara thought that she was the loveliest fairy she had ever seen.

“Oh!” she said. “Who are you? Where did you come from? How beautiful you are!”

“I am queen of the wave fairies,” she answered, “and it was my voice you heard calling to you. I’ve seen you on the beach a good many times, when all the people were there, and you never dared to come in. I’ve seen your mother trying to make you go in, and I’ve seen you run away crying. Some of the wave fairies’ feelings were hurt because you ran away from them, and a big boy fairy lost his temper and wanted to knock you down, but I begged him not to; I said if he had patience, you’d love us after a while. So this morning when I saw you standing here, I thought I would call to you gently, and I knew if you once saw how merry we are, you’d like us.”

“And do you live on the waves always?” asked Barbara.

“Yes, always on the waves; we are wave fairies.”

“But you don’t always dance in the sunshine,” said Barbara. “One day last week it rained, and the sea was all gray. There wasn’t a single sunbeam dancing.”

“Yes,” said the fairy; “sometimes the waves do look sad, and they might frighten you if you weren’t brave, they are so

Barbara and the Wave Fairies

big and high; but we never mean to hurt you, and if we are a little rough sometimes, you must forgive us. Some of the big fairies like the great high waves to ride on, you know. Now, I must go back to the sea and you must go home, but I'll be waiting for you to-morrow."

"Don't go," said Barbara. "Please stay a little longer. Won't you come home with me?"

"No, thank you," said the fairy. "I must go back to my waves, and if I should come into the house, my dress of foam would wet the floor. You must come out to me when you want to see me. Good-by." And before Barbara could stop her, she had gone back on a wave that took her far away.

But after that morning Barbara always loved to go into the water and play with the wave fairies, and they were very kind and careful of her when they could be, and although sometimes a big wave would knock her down, she learned to get up again and laugh, and all the wave fairies loved her.

THE BOY WHO LIVED UNDER A DUMP-HEAP

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who lived under a dump-heap. It would be bad enough to live on top of one, but this boy lived underneath, with all the dump on top of him, and it was so heavy he couldn't move at all, and he had to stay crouched up on his hands and knees. How do you suppose he got there? Well, it was this way—

His name was Tommy, and he was born in a nice house with comfortable rooms arranged very charmingly by his mother. When he got big enough to sleep in a bed instead of a crib, and have a room of his own, Mother gave him one of the nicest in the house.

Tommy's room had Mother Goose pictures all around the border. There was Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three, Ding-Dong Bell, A-Diller A-Dollar A Ten O'Clock Scholar (to remind him to get to school on time), Hot Cross Buns, and a lot of others. He had a desk of his own, with a chair to go with it, a bookcase where he could have all his story books, "Black Beauty" and "The Jungle Book" and "Andersen's Fairy Tales" and "The Wonder Book" and "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood"—all the stories he liked best. He had a bureau with plenty of drawers to keep his things in: handkerchiefs and neckties, shirts and collars and underclothes.

The Boy Who Lived Under a Dump-Heap

And there was a nice big closet where he could hang his suits and keep his shoes, and a clothes-basket to throw the clothes in that were to go to the wash. There was a reading-lamp on the table and a big comfortable chair beside it—everything, in fact, that a boy could possibly want in a room.

If the furniture had been white and gold with light blue coverings, you wouldn't have expected him to like it; he would have felt it was a "sissy room" and wouldn't have cared how soon the light blue coverings got dirty; but this was a real boy's room, with good solid furniture, where you could be comfortable and happy.

He didn't have to sweep it himself, or make his own bed; just turn back the covers when he got up in the morning and put away his things after he got dressed. As he had never had a room all his own before, his mother didn't expect him to learn at once to put his things away, and she was very patient about reminding him—often even picking up collars and handkerchiefs herself, or putting shoes back in the closet with heels against the wall. But Tommy never even noticed that she had "cleared up" for him, and kept on leaving his things around just the same.

Mary made his bed and "tidied up" every morning.

"Indade, indade, and nivir did I see the loikes o' that bye fer throwin' around his things! Now there's his very best suit on the floor of the closet, a stocking under his bureau, and his shoes way under the bed—— Sure me back is broke trying to pick them up."

"Don't pick them up, Mary; just leave them where they are."

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"Ah, sure, mum, he's only a child. I don't really mind at all." Old Mary might grumble about Tommy herself, but she always stood up for him when other people complained, for she had taken care of him when he was a baby.

"I know; but this can't go on! Why, every one in the house is worn out clearing up after him—and no thanks for it either! His mother has tried 'example' (that means showing how) and 'precept' (which means teaching how) and neither one has done any good. Now I'm going to take him in hand."

Mary looked around surprised. She had thought it was Tommy's mother speaking, but it was a little bit of a person in a frilled cap and gingham apron.

"Well, Saints above!" cried Mary, quite frightened. "And who are you, may I be askin'?"

"I'm Miss Tidy, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Straighten-Up, and I'm sick and tired of seeing that careless, thoughtless Tommy around. You've done enough this morning. Why, it's taken you as long to straighten up this room as it would to do all the other rooms in the house put together. I don't wonder your poor back aches. You go down to the kitchen and get a nice cup of tea, and leave that boy to me."

"Sure, it's a nice tidy little body you are, Miss, and thank you kindly," said Old Mary; "but it's bewitched I think I am after being meself," and she went downstairs mumbling. "Saints above, and did ever you know the loikes o' that!"

When Tommy came in from school he threw his school bag on the bed instead of hanging it on his desk chair where it would be all ready for him when he had to study. He was in a hurry to get out and play Prisoner's Base. He took off his

The Boy Who Lived Under a Dump-Heap

school suit, throwing it on the closet floor, and kicked off his shoes, sending one under the desk and the other under the bookcase. Then he couldn't find his play suit, so he pulled all the things out of his drawer on to the floor, to get the one he wanted.

That's the way it was every day.

The next morning Old Mary came in as usual to straighten up, but Miss Tidy was there before her.

"No, Mary, go along; remember what I said. Leave that boy to me—I'll attend to the room." She shook her broom, and Old Mary went off.

In the afternoon when Tommy was out, his mother came into the room, and was horrified to see what a state it was in.

"Why, the bed has not even been made but just left as he got out of it this morning! What is Mary thinking of?"

She was just going to ring the bell when Miss Tidy popped out from Tommy's clothes closet.

"Don't ring. It's not Mary's fault; I sent her away. You haven't forgotten me, have you? I'm Miss Tidy; I used to talk with you a great deal when you were a child. And I've made a number of calls on your husband, too, but he never received me as graciously as you did."

"Oh, yes; I remember you very well. You helped me a great deal when I was a girl."

"Now," said Miss Tidy, "if you'll just give orders for no one to come in here and straighten up, and promise not to put anything away for Tommy yourself, I will attend to the rest."

"Oh, if you could help him I should be so thankful—and I'll do just as you say."

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At the end of the week you never in your life saw such a looking place as that room of Tommy's was. Scraps of paper, books thrown on the bureau, the brush and comb on the desk, collars and old apple-cores on the bookcase, neckties, shirts, shoes, and stockings, in every direction, and the bed-clothes all in a wad as he left them when he got up in the morning.

Saturday afternoon he was going to a ball game—a very exciting one between the two rival teams—and Mother and Father were going too. He could hardly wait to start.

"You must take your sweater, Tommy," said Mother; "it's cool and you'll need it coming back."

Tommy rushed upstairs to get the sweater. He looked in the closet, under the bed, even in the bathroom; but it wasn't to be found.

"I won't need it," he called out.

"Yes, you must have it," said Father. "We'll walk along, and you can catch up with us."

"You're not going to any ball game to-day, young man," said Miss Tidy, looking in at the door; "you're going where you belong!"

She gave him a poke with her broom which sent him over backward. You would never have thought that a little thing in a frilled cap could have knocked a boy of eight over so easily; and before he could get up on his feet the bed-clothes were dumped on top of him. There followed shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, books, brushes, combs, neckties, underwear, coats, and shirts—everything under the sun! Tommy was completely buried. He wriggled and tried to get out, but he couldn't move, and the weight of it all nearly broke his back. It felt as

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heavy as it did to poor Old Mary when she had to stoop down and pick the things up.

At the last Miss Tidy jumped on top of the pile and pounded it down.

"You've been trying to have a dump-heap for some time," she said. "Now you've got what you want and can feel perfectly at home and comfortable."

She left him and shut the door. As she went downstairs she put a card on the hall table:

Don't worry about Tommy; he's gone away for a while to a place just made for him. The change may do him good. You'll miss him, of course, but just leave it all to me.

Yours,

TIDY STRAIGHTEN-UP.

When Mother and Father got in they called Tommy. He didn't answer. Mother had been worried because he had not caught up with them, but Father said he had probably met some of the boys and gone to the game with them.

Tea-time came, and no Tommy! It began to grow dark. Mother telephoned to the houses of all the boys Tommy played with, to know if they had seen anything of him; no, they hadn't seen him since morning! Could anything have happened? Had he been run over by an automobile? Where could he be?

"Why, what's this?" said Father, taking up the note Miss Tidy had left on the hall table.

Mother read it and handed it to him.

"Oh, we need not worry if he's gone to visit her, dear,"

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said Mother, much relieved. "She's a great friend of mine, and I hope you'll come to know her well some day too."

All this time Tommy was under the dump-heap, wriggling and trying to get out. He had always been pretty good at making himself heard, but though he called at the top of his voice no one came. At first he thought he was in his own room under the bed-clothes, but by the second day he thought he had been in a landslide and that a whole town had fallen on top of him. And each morning more dump would be dumped on the heap. You see, Miss Tidy went all around the house at night with her candle and a basket, collecting the things he had left about in the other rooms.

"There's some more to make you feel comfortable and home-like," she would say.

He did not starve to death, for Miss Tidy poked something in at him every night: half a muffin, or an old apple-core, he had left in his pocket; stale chocolates he had bitten into, and then thrown down on the library table because he did not like the flavor inside; and sometimes there would be a big piece of chewing-gum Miss Tidy had found stuck under his chair in the dining-room. Not hearty meals but enough to keep him alive.

Well, two weeks went by, and Tommy's mother began to feel pretty lonely without him.

"I think we'll go in and clear up his room, anyway, Mary; it's in such a dreadful mess."

"He prefers it that way."

"What did you say, Mary?"

"I didn't speak, mum."



“OH, MOTHER, WHY DIDN'T YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS BEFORE?”

The Boy Who Lived Under a Dump-Heap

"What a looking place, Mary! It looks like a big dump-heap!"

Mary picked things up by the armful till her poor old back ached, and Mother worked just as hard; yet they never seemed to get to the end.

"What a pity to spoil his dump-heap! He enjoys it so much; it's the only place where he really feels at home."

"There you go again, Mary. What are you talking about?"

"I didn't speak, mum," said Mary, looking alarmed.

Mother took up another great armful of things, and a voice cried out:

"At last! Oh, Mother, I've had an awful time! Why didn't you get me out of this before?"

Old Mary stood staring in terror at the thing that crawled out.

"I thought ghosts were white, mum, and not so solid! I never see the loikes o' this!"

Tommy crawled toward them on his hands and knees. There was a piece of chewing-gum stuck on the end of his nose, chocolate creams smeared all over his face, and muffin crumbs in his hair.

"I'm not a ghost, Mary, but I don't know why I'm not dead."

Miss Tidy peeped in through the door.

"Let him limber up a bit, and get a bath, and then he'll tell you all about his lovely visit."

"Lovely visit, nothing!" cried Tommy indignantly. "I re-

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member you; you're the one who did it—— Just wait till I get hold of you!"

"I've left some clothes in the bathroom for you, and when you've had your bath and dressed, you can come in and get your room to rights—unless," she added, shaking her broom at him, "you prefer to go back to your dump-heap."

"Give a fellow time," said Tommy; "I'm going."

He came out clean and shining and did really get to work with a will to clear up his room, though it was pretty discouraging, I must say. He worked so well that after a while Miss Tidy and Mother helped him. They made his bed and cleared up his bureau drawers.

"I know," said Miss Tidy, "you can't expect boys to be smart enough to put things right in the beginning, but when they are once in order they certainly ought to be able to keep them straight. Now I think every thing is in 'apple-pie order.' Brush your hair and go down to tea with your mother. I'll look in on you from time to time—and if you should ever feel lonely for the dump-heap, just let me know!"

"Don't talk to me any more about dump-heaps," said Tommy. "I've had enough, thank you!"

THE PRINCESS WHO LIVED IN A GLASS HOUSE

ONCE upon a time there was a princess who lived in a glass house. It was all made of glass. The walls, the floors, and the ceilings were of glass. She had a glass chair to sit on. Even her dresses were made of spun glass. The only thing she had that was not glass, was a great diamond stone, which she wore in her golden hair.

But all the glass looked out. There was not a piece of glass in the whole house that she could look into, to see if her hair were tidy, or how her newest gown became her, or if her face were clean. It did not worry her much, though, because she was so proud and haughty. She thought no one in the world could look as well as she did. Other people might have untidy hair, or dirty faces, but she was quite perfect, she thought.

She used to sit in her glass chair and look out on the world with her nose in the air, proudly glad that she was not like other people. No one ever came to call. She sat there looking so haughty, no one dared to go near her.

Every one who drove through the King's park noticed the glass house and the Princess sitting within, and it was pointed out to Lords and Princes who came from other lands, as a great curiosity. But no one had ever dared to go inside. They

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were all frightened away by the haughty glance of the Princess; and people felt so cold as they drove by, that they had to put on their coats, even in summer.

It gave the haughty Princess great delight to have every one look at her curiously and not dare to approach her. She felt so very grand, and so different from all the rest of the world.

One day she saw the Prince, who lived in the castle up on the hill, riding by on his white horse, and her nose came down just a little. But he rode galloping by, and did not even turn his head to look at the house.

The Princess never stepped her foot outside her glass house. She thought really that no other place was good enough for her. But away down deep, there was another reason: she was afraid.

Once she had lived in a house like other people, but she had always been discontented, and one night when every one was asleep, she wandered away into the woods. She came to the pond where the trees look down and see themselves in the moonlight; and there, just by the edge of the water, stood a fairy. Her dress was of shimmery mist, she had moonbeams glimmering in her hair, and her wand was all of little stars. She was looking down into the pond singing softly to herself; but as the Princess came near she looked up, and waving her wand, said—

“Through silver clouds the moon shines bright,
And this is the magic Wishing Night;
Your dearest wish tell unto me,
And as you wish, so shall it be.”

The Princess Who Lived in a Glass House

The Princess stood very still. She was so surprised that she thought for a minute she must be dreaming, but again the fairy waved her wand and said—

“Through silver clouds the moon shines bright,
And this is the magic Wishing Night;
Your dearest wish tell unto me,
And as you wish, so shall it be.”

“Oh!” said the Princess of the Discontented Heart. “May I really have what I want?”

The fairy bowed her lovely head, and the moonbeams danced in her hair.

“But think you well before you say.
Wish not hastily, I pray,
For once your dearest wish is spoken
It cannot e’er be changed or broken.”

“Everything is wrong,” said the Princess.

“Everything?” asked the fairy, in a silvery voice.

“Yes,” replied the Princess of the Discontented Heart, “everything, and everybody, but me.”

“Ah,” said the fairy, looking at her a little sadly, “you are the Princess who lives in a glass house; I have heard of you.”

“Nay,” the Princess answered, “I do not live in a glass house, but I should like to. Then people could see how much better I am than the rest of the world, and no one would bother me.”

Howtobegood Stories

"Is that your wish?" asked the fairy, "to live in a glass house by yourself?"

"Think you well before you say.
Wish not hastily, I pray,
Remember once your wish is spoken,
It cannot e'er be changed or broken."

"Yes," said the Princess, stamping her foot impatiently, "I know what I want. That is my wish: TO LIVE IN A GLASS HOUSE BY MYSELF WHERE I CAN LOOK OUT ON THE WORLD, AND NO ONE CAN COME IN."

The Fairy of Wishes looked at her again sadly, as sadly as a fairy can, and a tear glistened in her deep blue eyes, like a star shining in the sky. The summer breeze sighed faintly through the trees, then all was still.

Once more the fairy raised her wand of little stars.

"Take your wish and go your way,
Night will soon be lost in day.
In the King's park you will find
The house of glass you have in mind.
Enter in and dwell you there
Untroubled by a single care,
Sitting in your house of glass,
Haughtily eying all who pass.

But one thing remember well,
It is as the wise ones tell,
People who live in houses of glass
Must not throw stones at those who pass.
Take your wish and go your way.
Night will soon be lost in day."



"HE SHALL STOP!" SHE CRIED

The Princess Who Lived in a Glass House

Again the summer breeze stirred the leaves, sighing faintly. A path of moonlight shone on the water, and the Fairy of Wishes glided away, leaving behind a shimmering mist.

So for a whole year the Princess had lived in her glass house, glorying in her pride. But after the King's son went galloping by that day, she had a queer little feeling in the place where her heart should have been.

It did not last long, though. She held her head more proudly than ever when the Queen drove by in her chariot, a few minutes later, pointing out the Princess in her glass house to a royal Duke who had come from foreign lands.

A month passed, and the Prince again rode by. This time the glass house shone so brightly in the sunlight, and the robes of the Princess glittered so dazzlingly, that he turned his head and just glanced at her as he galloped on.

And again she felt that queer little feeling in the place where her heart should have been.

"Why did he not stop and look at me as every one else does?" she said to herself. "He is so proud. I'll make him stop next time!"

Several months went by before the Prince passed that way. He was returning from a far journey and rode more slowly than was his custom. His beautiful white horse was weary with long traveling, and he himself was thinking of many things.

It was just at sunset, and the spun-glass robes of the Princess reflected the rose-pink of the sky. She saw the Prince approaching.

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"Surely now he will stop and look at me. I am so beautiful," she thought. But he did not even turn his head.

She rose angrily from her chair and took a step forward.

"He shall stop!" she cried. "The proud creature, I'll make him change his haughty ways!"

She raised her hand and seized the great diamond stone that gleamed in her golden hair. The Prince was still in sight. With all her might she threw the stone at him. There was a shattering of glass, a scream from the Princess, and the Prince turned. There lay the Princess in the midst of the broken glass, her face and hands all bleeding.

He got down from his horse and went to her.

"Let me help you," he said, and he lifted her gently and put her on his horse.

"Oh!" moaned the Princess, "my house is shattered and nothing is left. Alas, alas, it is as the fairy said:

'People who live in houses of glass
Must not throw stones at those who pass.' "

"Nay," said the Prince, "fear not. I will take you to my castle on the hill."

"You are kind," murmured the Princess, and it was the first time in all her life she had ever spoken a gentle word, "but leave me, I have nothing left." And she wept.

The Prince looked at her tenderly. The pain from her wounds was so great she closed her eyes, forgetting everything, and they rode on in silence.

On the way to the castle, they passed the little pond, and

The Princess Who Lived in a Glass House

there the Prince stopped, and laid her on the grass, while he got water to bathe her wounds.

The sun set, and the moon came out from a silver cloud. Over the pond rose a mist.

"My poor Princess!" he whispered, "let me take you to my castle on the hill, and love you, and heal your wounds."

The Princess opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"But I have nothing to bring you," she said. "I am no better than other people."

"I love you as you are now. You are more beautiful than you were in your house of glass. Come!"

He lifted her on to his horse again, and they rode away. The shimmering mist floated after them, and a falling star kissed the golden hair of the Princess.

So the Prince brought her to his castle and they were married. All the people round-about grew to love the Princess, as they did the Prince, and she was called The Lady of the Bountiful Heart.

“I CAN’T!”

ONCE upon a time there was a boy, George Leigh Preston, who lived all alone in a big house with his grandfather. It was an old red brick house with white pillars, where Grandfather had lived when he was a little boy, and a lot of other grandfathers called “ancestors” had lived when they were little boys.

It was very hard to see how Grandfather, whose hair was so white, and who didn’t run or climb trees, could ever have been a little boy. But even if he couldn’t run or climb trees he was very nice as a grandfather—especially on winter evenings before bed-time when he sat in front of the big open fire in the library and told stories about all the people that had lived at Mulberry Hill. That was the name of the old place, “Mulberry Hill,” because it stood on a hill and there were old mulberry trees all about the house. Of all the stories, George Leigh liked to hear best about the dashing Major Preston, who hung on one side of the fireplace, and his lovely bride, the beautiful Lady Emily Leigh, who hung on the other side.

Grandfather said that Major Preston was a real man who had lived at Mulberry Hill long ago, and that he had brought Lady Emily Leigh to live there after the Revolution, when he had driven away all the “Red-Coats” and had been wounded

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fighting gallantly. And ever since then Prestons had lived there honorably doing their part in all that came. "Doing your part" means doing whatever you have to do, you know, and not putting it off on some one else. Grandfather used to say that George Leigh must always remember he was a Preston and do his part when he was a man.

George Leigh's mother and father had died when he was a tiny baby. Mammy, who was old now, took care of him, and "Aunt Malindy," who was very old, "did de cookin'," and "Uncle David," who had the "rheumatiz" and was very, very old—older than Grandfather—"tended de flowers and fed de chickens."

George Leigh didn't mind playing by himself. He used to have beautiful times riding his stick-horse and pretending he was Major Preston going after the "Red-Coats." If you have ever ridden a stick-horse you know what fun it is, and if you haven't, just cut a good, long stick and try it. George Leigh kept his horse in a corner of the old barn where Grandfather's horses were kept. Grandfather did not like an automobile; he liked his two black horses. They were getting old too, but they still held up their heads and curved their necks and did credit to the family.

I suppose George Leigh was what you would call "spoilt." He wasn't a horrid little boy, but he just never took the trouble to do anything for himself. He did not even put on his own shoes and stockings, though he was five, and tall for his age.

"Oh, I can't do that," he would say; "you do it, Mammy,"

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and old Mammy would do it, though it was much harder for her to pull than for him.

If he wanted to make a bridle for his stick-horse and there was a knot in the string, he never tried to get the knot out himself; he would run to Aunt Malindy.

"I can't do that—you do it, Aunt Malindy."

Sometimes he liked to go with Uncle David into the garden when he tended the flowers.

"I am going to pull up all the big weeds, Uncle David, because I am a big boy and stronger than you and I haven't got the rheumatiz."

"All right, honey, I'se gwine ter weed de rose-beds what yer granddaddy lobe so. Thar's a big weed yonder, but I reckon you too little to pull that thar one, it's mos' as big as a tree."

"No, no; let me do it."

George Leigh pulled, expecting it would come right up—but it didn't.

"I can't do that, it won't come up! You do it, Uncle David; I am going to ride my stick-horse."

So it was with everything. If George Leigh had had other boys to play with, they would have called him a "baby" and a "lazy-bones," and he would have felt ashamed, but he was all alone, you see, and just didn't think anything about it.

Once an old lady who had come to visit at Mulberry Hill had said to Grandfather, "You will spoil that boy," and Grandfather had said, "He is just a boy and all I have." But from the way the old lady shook her head and said, "A great mistake, a great mistake!" George Leigh thought she was very cross and did not like her at all.

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The long summer days passed, and the autumn days, when the wheat and corn were all gathered in, and winter came.

One evening before supper, when it was cold outside and the wind was blowing, George Leigh rode in on his stick-horse and opened the library door. He wanted Grandfather to tell him a story, but Grandfather was not there. The fire was blazing on the hearth and Grandfather's chair was before the fire-place.

"Where's Grandfather, I wonder?" he said to himself, curling up in the big chair and kicking off his shoes to be more comfortable. "I wish he would come, I want him to tell me a story!"

He sat listening to the wind outside and watching the logs blaze up. There was no other light in the room.

"I wonder," he said again, looking up at the pictures of Major Preston and Lady Emily Leigh, "I wonder—I wonder——"

He did not know how long he had been "wondering" when he saw the dashing Major put his hand on his heart and bow very low to the beautiful Emily Leigh.

"May I have the honor?" he said, holding out his other hand to her—the one that was not on his heart. She bent her lovely head and smiled and they stepped out of their old gilt frames. The sighing of the wind outside changed into the tune of an old minuet, and together with stately tread they danced. But in the midst of the dance a bugle call sounded—Lady Emily looked frightened.

"I must away," said Major Preston. "'Tis the call to arms! It may be the Red-Coats are coming."

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"Not yet—oh, not yet!" said Lady Emily Leigh, putting her hand on his shoulder. "You can't go!"

"I *must*, dear Lady," said Major Preston. "A Preston may not say, 'I can't!'"

He bent down and kissed her hand and then, his sword clanking behind him, he was gone.

The fire died down and the room was almost dark. It was very quiet; only the wind outside blew with the sound of a sigh. Lady Emily stood looking far away. She tried very hard not to cry, for she was a brave lady, but one tear rolled down her cheek.

"Don't cry, Lady Emily," said George Leigh. "I'll get on my horse and ride after him and bring him back to you. Just wait till I pull on my shoe."

"You can't do that, little George Leigh."

"Why, of course, I can; I am five. Just wait—— Now I'll mount my horse. Oh, my bridle is knotted, but I'll get the knot out."

"No, no," said Lady Emily, another tear rolling down her cheek, "you can't do that; and even if you could, you could not ride over that great tree."

"That's not a tree, Lady Emily; it is just a weed—I'll pull it up."

"No, you can't do that," Lady Emily said again.

George Leigh was sorry for Lady Emily but he began to feel cross with her for saying all the time, "You can't do that, you can't do that!" What did she think he was—a baby?—that he could not put on his own shoes, and untie a knot, and pull up a weed.



"'TLL BRING HIM BACK, LADY EMILY,' HE CALLED. 'I CAN!'"

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He put his shoes on easily. The knot was harder to untie but he got it out. The weed did seem like a tree when he came to pull, but he kept on pulling and pulling, and again another pull, and up it came! He mounted his horse.

"I'll bring him back, Lady Emily," he called. "*I can!*"

Just then a big log blazed up and filled the room with light. There was a firm tread outside and Major Preston came in. His uniform was torn and one arm hung loose at his side, wounded. Lady Emily went toward him.

"My brave Major," she said, "I salute you!" and she gave him a kiss. Then she turned to George Leigh, putting her hand on his head:

"And you, George Leigh, you, too, have proved yourself a man. I salute you!" And bending down she gave him a kiss.

As a rule George Leigh did not like to be kissed, but just one from the lovely Lady Emily he did not mind.

"I wonder—I wonder——"

"Bless ma soul, if dat chile ain't been in his granddaddy's big chair fas' asleep, and he's done kicked off his shoes!"

George Leigh sat up very straight.

"Come, honey," said Mammy, "it's time for yo' supper. Wait, I'll put on yo' shoes—you can't do it yo'self."

"Yes, I *can*, Mammy! I can do lots of things."

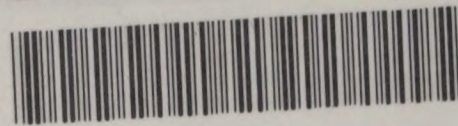
"Bless dat chile," said old Mammy, "he gwine to be a big man, I do b'lieve!"

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